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PERDITA : "reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue"

THE WINTER'S TALE *Act* IV *Scene* 3

Booklovers Edition

A Winter's Tale

by

William Shakespeare

With Introductions, Notes, Glossary, Critical Comments, and Method of Study

The University Society
New York

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THE WINTER'S TALE.

Preface.

The First Edition. *The Winter's Tale* appeared for the first time in the First Folio, where it is the last of the 'Comedies.' It is perhaps the most carefully printed play in the Folio. At the end of the play the 'Names of the Actors' are given.

Date of Composition. (I.) Apart from consideration of style, the following facts make it almost certain that *The Winter's Tale* was one of Shakespeare's latest productions, and may safely be assigned to the years 1610-11: —(i.) It is mentioned in the *Office-Book* of Sir Henry Herbert as an old play ("formerly allowed of Sir George Buck, and likewise by me on Mr. Hemming's word that there is nothing profane added or reformed, though the allowed book was missing, and therefore I returned it without a fee, this 19 of August 1623"). Sir George Buck took possession of the office of the Master of the Revels in August, 1610. (ii.) Dr. Simon Forman in his '*Book of Plaies and Notes thereof*' has a lengthy reference to a performance of this play at the Globe Theatre on May 15th, 1611. Judging by Forman's careful analysis of the plot, it must have been a new play at that time. (iii.) Ben Jonson mentions it with *The Tempest* in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* (1612-1614): "If there be never a *Servant monster* i' the *Fayre,* who can help it, he sayes; nor of nest of *Antiques*? He is loth to make nature afraid in his *Plays,* like those that beget *Tales, Tempests,* and such like *Drolleries.*"

(II.) Internal tests fully corroborate the external evi-

dence:—(i.) With the exception of the prologue-like chorus scene of Act IV., no five-measure lines are rhymed; (ii.) run-on lines and double-endings abound; (iii.) the logical structure is 'more elliptical, involved, and perplexing than that of any other work of Shakespeare's'; (iv.) furthermore, the remarkable two-fold structure of the play gives to it the appearance of being one of Shakespeare's boldest experiments in dramatic art. "It is rare, if not unprecedented, in any art," observes Mr. Watkiss Lloyd, "to find an effective whole resulting from the blank opposition of two precisely counterbalanced halves when not united by common reference to some declared third magnitude. Nor is such a uniting power wanting in the present instance, whatever may appear to external view"; (v.) finally, there are the unmistakeable links connecting *The Winter's Tale* with *Pericles, Cymbeline,* and *The Tempest,* 'its companion and complement'—the Romances which belong to the close of the Poet's life. On them all his gentle spirit seems to rest; 'Timon the misanthrope' no longer delights him; his visions are of human joy—scenes of forgiveness, reconciliation, and peace—a world where father is re-united with child, husband with wife, brother with brother, friend with friend. Like his own Miranda, Shakespeare in these Romances again finds the world beautiful:—

'O wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here!
How beauteous mankind is! O brave new world
That has such people in't!'

The Sources of the Plot. The story of *The Winter's Tale* was derived from one of the most popular of Elizabethan novels—probably based on some real episode in the history of Poland and Bohemia in the XIVth century (*cp. Englische Studien,* 1878, 1888—*'Pandosto: the Triumph of Time'* (*or, 'Dorastus and Fawnia'*) "wherein," according to its modest title-page, "is discovered by a pleasant History, that although by the means of sinister

The two lovers.
From the title page of '*Dorastus and Fawnia.*'

fortune, Truth may be concealed, yet by Time in spite of fortune it is most manifestly revealed: pleasant for age to avoid drowsy thoughts, profitable for youth to eschew other wanton pastimes, and bringing to both a desired content. *Temporis filia veritas.*"* The book first appeared in 1588; its success may be gathered from the fact that no less than fourteen editions are known to have been issued. Its author was none other than the novelist Robert Greene, 'Maister of Artes in Cambridge,' whose death-bed utterances, reported in his '*Groatsworth of Wit bought with a Million of Repentance,*' anticipated a veritable 'Triumph of Time,' save that *the absolute Johannes Factotum,* 'Maister of Artes in Neither University,' was destined to become, not in his own conceit, but by universal acclamation, 'the only Shake-scene in a country.' The 'scald, lying, trivial pamphlet' (as its apologetic publisher subsequently described it) could not have had reference to *The Winter's Tale,* at least in the form we know it; in all probability the old quarrel was altogether forgotten, Shakespeare certainly bore no resentment to Greene's memory, when he 'beautified himself' with the fine feathers of *Dorastus and Fawnia*.†

* Hazlitt's *Shakespeare's Library.* (*Cp.* Coleridge's adaptation.)

† A few critics are inclined to find a hit at Shakespeare in Marlowe's *Dido,* as finished by Nash, and adduce the following couplet as evidence that *The Winter's Tale* was an early play!! Æneas says:—

> '*Who would not undergo all kinds of toil,*
> *To be well-stored with such a Winter's Tale?*'

The Novel and the Play. Greene's then is the ground; Shakespeare's name is graven on the workmanship. Some notable refinements due to the dramatist are the following:—(i.) In the novel Hermione's prototype actually dies upon hearing of the death of her son; (ii.) her husband destroys himself, after becoming enamoured of his unknown daughter; (iii.) the characters of Paulina, Autolycus, and Antigonus are entirely Shakespeare's; (iv.) Hermione's character is ennobled throughout; Shakespeare admits no 'incautiousness' on her part, no unqueenly condescension in meeting the charge; (v.) Bohemia takes the place of Sicily, and *vice versa*, "apparently from a feeling that Bohemia carried better than Sicily the associations of deserts and remoteness"; finally, (vi.) the names are changed throughout:—Polixenes = Pandosto; Leontes = Egistus; Hermione = Bellaria; Mamillius = Garinter; Florizel = Dorastus; Perdita = Fawnia. The Greek element in Shakespeare's list of names is striking, and should perhaps be considered in connexion with the Alcestis *motif* of the closing scene of the play. *The Winter's Tale,* from this latter point of view, suggests comparisons with the 'tragi-comedy' of Euripides. One cannot but think that, by some means or other, directly or indirectly, Shakespeare owed his *dénouement* to the Greek dramatist,—certainly to the Greek story.*

* *Cp.* Alcestis, ll. 1121-1134, which have been translated as follows:—

"*Hercules.* Toward her turn thine eyes,
And say if she resembleth not thy wife.
Rest happy now, and all thy pains forget.
Admetus. O ye immortal gods! what can I say
At this unhoped, unlooked for miracle?
Do I in truth behold my wife, or doth
Some phantom of delight o'er power my sense?
Hercules. This is no phantom but your own true wife.
Admetus. Art sure she is no ghost from the nether world?
Hercules. You did not think a sorcerer was your guest."

Autolycus. Shakespeare's rogue has a distinguished pedigree; his ancestor dwelt on Parnassus, where he was visited by his grandson Ulysses. A slight character sketch is given of him in Book XIX. of the *Odyssey*, 392-8:—

"Autolycus, who th' art
Of theft and swearing (not out of the heart
But by equivocation) first adorn'd
Your witty man withal, and was suborn'd
*By Jove's descend'nt ingenious Mercury."**

Autolycus.
From a XVIth century woodcut.

Shakespeare, in all probability, first became acquainted with Autolycus in the pages of his favourite Ovid, perhaps in Golding's translation (*cp. Metamorphoses*, Bk. XI.).†

The Seaboard of Bohemia. Drummond of Hawthornden, in his famous '*Conversations,*' recorded that Ben Jonson said, " Shakespeare wanted art and sometimes sense, for in one of his plays he brought in a number of men saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia,

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Admetus. O form and feature of my dearest wife,
Against all hope thou once again art mine.
(W. F. NEVINS.)

Observe, too, that Alcestis dare not speak to Admetus for three days; Hermione similarly '*lives, though yet she speaks not*'; when she does find voice, it is to call a blessing on Perdita; no word is addressed to Leontes. There are other remarkable parallels in the two plays.

* Chapman's paraphrase (pub. 1616); *cp.* "*My father named me Autolycus, who being as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper up of unconsidered trifles.*"

† It is possible that Shakespeare's Autolycus owed something to Thomas Newbery's '*Book of Dives Pragmaticus,*' 1563 (reprinted in Huth's '*Fugitive Tracts,*' 1875).

where is no sea nearly 100 miles." This censure has been frequently repeated. As a matter of fact, Shakespeare follows Greene in this geographical detail. He may or may not have known better; incongruities and anachronisms are not out of place in '*A Winter's Tale*'; he certainly bettered Greene's example, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Giulio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi,"—the *island* of Delphi!

Like the Chorus Time in the play, Romance might well claim:—

> '*It is in my power*
> *To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour*
> *To plant and o'erwhelm custom.*' (Act IV. i. 7-9.)

The Duration of Action. *The Winter's Tale,* with its interval of sixteen years between two acts,* may be said, too, to mark the final overthrow of Time—the hallowed 'Unity of Time'—by its natural adversary, the Romantic Drama. The play recalls Sir Philip Sidney's criticism, in his *Apologie for Poetrie,* anent the crude romantic plays popular about 1580, when he outlined a plot somewhat analogous to that of *The Winter's Tale* as a typical instance of the abuse of dramatic decorum by lawless playwrights, who, contrary to academic rule, neglected both 'time and place.' *The Winter's Tale,* perhaps the very last of Shakespeare's comedies, appropriately emphasises, as it were, the essential elements of the triumph of the New over the Old. Sidney could not foresee, in 1580, the glorious future in store for the despised Cinderella of the playhouses,

> "NOW GROWN IN GRACE
> EQUAL WITH WONDERING."

* Eight days only are represented on the stage, with an interval of twenty-three days after Day 2 (Act II. Sc. i.); and another short interval after Day 4 (Act III. Sc. ii.); the main interval of sixteen years comes between Acts III. and IV.; again, there is a short interval between Act IV. Sc. iv. and Act. V., *i.e.* the seventh and eighth days.

Critical Comments.

I.

Argument.

I. Polixenes, king of Bohemia, who is visiting his boyhood friend, Leontes, king of Sicilia, becomes desirous of returning to his own kingdom, and cannot be persuaded by his host to prolong his sojourn. Leontes then asks his queen, Hermione, to join her persuasions to his own. Her hospitable entreaties are so successful that Polixenes defers his departure. This slight incident is sufficient to arouse in Leontes a tempest of jealousy touching his queen's and his friend's mutual honour. He endeavours to prevail on a courtier named Camillo to poison Polixenes; whereupon Camillo informs the guiltless and unsuspecting monarch of his danger, and flees with him to Bohemia.

II. The flight confirms Leontes in his wild suspicions. He visits his wrath upon the innocent Hermione, causing her to be isolated in a dungeon, where she is shortly afterward delivered of a daughter. Paulina, a lady of the court, presents the babe to the king, but he disavows it and orders it to be exposed in some remote desert place.

III. The babe, who is named Perdita because she "is counted lost forever," is borne to a coast of Bohemia, by a courtier who is afterwards destroyed by a bear; while the child is found by a poor shepherd, who rears it as his own.

Meanwhile Hermione, who has been brought to public trial, is completely vindicated by a Delphic oracle

declaring: "Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found." Leontes discredits the oracle and is punished by the tidings of the sudden death of Hermione and her only son. The monarch is brought by this stroke to realize the enormity of his offence. He repents and resolves to do daily penance.

IV. Sixteen years pass by. In the court of Bohemia Polixenes and his friend Camillo discuss the reported actions of the king's son Florizel, who of late has been paying assiduous attention to a shepherd's lass. In order to investigate the report they disguise themselves and visit the shepherd's cottage, where they find Florizel on the point of betrothing Perdita. The king wrathfully puts a stop to the betrothal, when the lovers resolve to flee the country. Camillo privately offers to conduct them to Sicilia, assuring them of a warm welcome on the part of Leontes. The offer is gladly accepted.

V. Florizel and Perdita are cordially received in Sicilia, but are closely pursued thither by Polixenes. At this juncture the clothing and jewels found with the infant sixteen years before are produced by the shepherd, thus establishing the identity of Perdita as daughter of Leontes. The joy of the two sovereigns at meeting again after their long separation is redoubled by the prospect of uniting their children in marriage. One thing only is lacking to the perfect happiness of Leontes —the presence of his lost wife, whom he has never ceased to mourn. Thereupon Paulina invites the company to inspect a statue of Hermione. They pause spellbound at the triumph of art, for the supposed statue is so perfect as to seem animate. At last it actually stirs, and the enraptured Leontes finds that he is embracing not marble

but his living wife Hermione, who, dwelling in retirement, has awaited the fulfilment of the oracle.

McSPADDEN: *Shakespearian Synopses.*

II.

Hermione.

The character of Hermione exhibits what is never found in the other sex, but rarely in our own, yet sometimes—dignity without pride, love without passion, and tenderness without weakness. To conceive a character in which there enters so much of the negative, required perhaps no rare and astonishing effort of genius, such as created a Juliet, a Miranda, or a Lady Macbeth; but to delineate such a character in the poetical form, to develop it through the medium of action and dialogue, without the aid of description; to preserve its tranquil, mild, and serious beauty, its unimpassioned dignity, and at the same time keep the strongest hold upon our sympathy and our imagination; and out of this exterior calm produce the most profound pathos, the most vivid impression of life and internal power—it is this which renders the character of Hermione one of Shakspeare's masterpieces.

Hermione is a queen, a matron, and a mother; she is good and beautiful, and royally descended. A majestic sweetness, a grand and gracious simplicity, an easy, unforced, yet dignified self-possession, are in all her deportment, and in every word she utters. She is one of those characters of whom it has been said proverbially that "still waters run deep." Her passions are not vehement, but in her settled mind the sources of pain or pleasure, love or resentment, are like the springs that feed the mountain lakes, impenetrable, unfathomable, and inexhaustible. . . .

She receives the first intimation of her husband's

jealous suspicions with incredulous astonishment. It is not that, like Desdemona, she does not or cannot understand; but she *will* not. When he accuses her more plainly, she replies with a calm dignity:—

> "Should a villain say so,
> The most replenish'd villain in the world,
> He were as much more villain; you, my lord,
> Do but mistake."

This characteristic composure of temper never forsakes her; and yet it is so delineated that the impression is that of grandeur, and never borders upon pride or coldness: it is the fortitude of a gentle but a strong mind, conscious of its own innocence. Nothing can be more affecting than her calm reply to Leontes, who, in his jealous rage, heaps insult upon insult, and accuses her before her own attendants as no better "than one of those to whom the vulgar give bold titles":—

> "How will this grieve you,
> When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
> You have thus publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
> You scarce can right me throughly then to say
> You *did* mistake."

Her mild dignity and saint-like patience, combined as they are with the strongest sense of the cruel injustice of her husband, thrill us with admiration as well as pity; and we cannot but see and feel that for Hermione to give way to tears and feminine complaints under such a blow, would be quite incompatible with the character. . . .

The character of Hermione is considered open to criticism on one point. I have heard it remarked that when she secludes herself from the world for sixteen years, during which time she is mourned as dead by her repentant husband, and is not won to relent from her resolve by his sorrow, his remorse, his constancy to her memory—such conduct, argues the critic, is unfeeling as it is inconceivable in a tender and virtuous woman. Would Imogen have done so, who is so generously ready

to grant a pardon before it be asked? or Desdemona, who does not forgive because she cannot even resent? No, assuredly; but this is only another proof of the wonderful delicacy and consistency with which Shakspeare has discriminated the characters of all three. The incident of Hermione's supposed death and concealment for sixteen years is not indeed very probable in itself, nor very likely to occur in every-day life. But, besides all the probability necessary for the purposes of poetry, it has all the likelihood it can derive from the peculiar character of Hermione, who is precisely the woman who could and would have acted in this manner. In such a mind as hers, the sense of a cruel injury, inflicted by one she had loved and trusted, without awakening any violent anger or any desire of vengeance, would sink deep—almost incurably and lastingly deep. So far she is most unlike either Imogen or Desdemona, who are portrayed as much more flexible in temper; but then the circumstances under which she is wronged are very different, and far more unpardonable. The self-created, frantic jealousy of Leontes is very distinct from that of Othello, writhing under the arts of Iago: or that of Posthumus, whose understanding has been cheated by the most damning evidence of his wife's infidelity. The jealousy which in Othello and Posthumus is an error of judgement, in Leontes is a vice of the blood; he suspects without cause, condemns without proof; he is without excuse—unless the mixture of pride, passion, and imagination, and the predisposition to jealousy, with which Shakspeare has portrayed him, be considered as an excuse. Hermione has been openly insulted: he to whom she gave herself, her heart, her soul, has stooped to the weakness and baseness of suspicion; has doubted her truth, has wronged her love, has sunk in her esteem, and forfeited her confidence. She has been branded with vile names; her son, her eldest hope, is dead—dead through the false accusation which has stuck infamy on his mother's name; and her innocent babe, stained with

illegitimacy, disowned and rejected, has been exposed to a cruel death. Can we believe that the mere tardy acknowledgement of her innocence could make amends for wrongs and agonies such as these? or heal a heart which must have bled inwardly, consumed by that untold grief "which burns worse than tears drown"? Keeping in view the peculiar character of Hermione, such as she is delineated, is she one either to forgive hastily or forget quickly? and though she might, in her solitude, mourn over her repentant husband, would his repentance suffice to restore him at once to his place in her heart; to efface from her strong and reflecting mind the recollection of his miserable weakness? or can we fancy this high-souled woman—left childless through the injury which has been inflicted on her, widowed in heart by the unworthiness of him she loved, a spectacle of grief to all, to her husband a continual reproach and humiliation—walking through the parade of royalty in the court which had witnessed her anguish, her shame, her degradation, and her despair? Methinks that the want of feeling, nature, delicacy, and consistency would lie in such an exhibition as this. In a mind like Hermione's, where the strength of feeling is founded in the power of thought, and where there is little of impulse or imagination—"the depth, but not the tumult, of the soul"—there are but two influences which predominate over the will—time and religion. And what then remained but that, wounded in heart and spirit, she should retire from the world?—not to brood over her wrongs, but to study forgiveness, and wait the fulfilment of the oracle which had promised the termination of her sorrows. Thus a premature reconciliation would not only have been painfully inconsistent with the character; it would also have deprived us of that most beautiful scene in which Hermione is discovered to her husband as the statue or image of herself. And here we have another instance of that admirable art with which the dramatic character is fitted to the circumstances in which it is placed: that per-

fect command over her own feelings, that complete self-possession necessary to this extraordinary situation, is consistent with all that we imagine of Hermione; in any other woman it would be so incredible as to shock all our ideas of probability.

This scene, then, is not only one of the most picturesque and striking instances of stage effect to be found in the ancient or modern drama, but by the skilful manner in which it is prepared, it has, wonderful as it appears, all the merit of consistency and truth. The grief, the love, the remorse and impatience of Leontes, are finely contrasted with the astonishment and admiration of Perdita, who, gazing on the figure of her mother like one entranced, looks as if she were also turned to marble. There is here one little instance of tender remembrance in Leontes, which adds to the charming impression of Hermione's character:—

> "Chide me, dear stone! that I may say indeed
> Thou art Hermione; or rather thou art she
> In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
> As infancy and grace."
>
> . . . . . .
>
> "Thus she stood,
> Even with such life of majesty—warm life—
> As now it coldly stands—when first I woo'd her!"

The effect produced on the different persons of the drama by this living statue—an effect which at the same moment is and is *not* illusion—the manner in which the feelings of the spectators become entangled between the conviction of death and the impression of life, the idea of a deception and the feeling of a reality; and the exquisite colouring of poetry and touches of natural feeling with which the whole is wrought up, till wonder, expectation, and intense pleasure hold our pulse and breath suspended on the event—are quite inimitable.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

III.

Perdita.

In Viola and Perdita the distinguishing traits are the same—sentiment and elegance; thus we associate them together, though nothing can be more distinct to the fancy than the Doric grace of Perdita, compared to the romantic sweetness of Viola. They are created out of the same materials, and are equal to each other in tenderness, delicacy, and poetical beauty of the conception. They are both more imaginative than passionate; but Perdita is the more imaginative of the two. She is the union of the pastoral and romantic with the classical and poetical, as if a dryad of the woods had turned shepherdess. The perfections with which the Poet has so lavishly endowed her, sit upon her with a certain careless and picturesque grace, "as though they had fallen upon her unawares." Thus Belphœbe, in the *Fairy Queen*, issues from the flowering forest with hair and garments all besprinkled with leaves and blossoms they had entangled in their flight; and so arrayed by chance and "heedless hap," takes all hearts with "stately presence and with princely port"—most like to Perdita!

The story of Florizel and Perdita is but an episode in *The Winter's Tale*, and the character of Perdita is properly kept subordinate to that of her mother, Hermione; yet the picture is perfectly finished in every part; Juliet herself is not more firmly and distinctly drawn. But the colouring in Perdita is more silvery light and delicate; the pervading sentiment more touched with the ideal. . . .

The qualities which impart to Perdita her distinct individuality are the beautiful combination of the pastoral with the elegant—of simplicity with elevation—of spirit with sweetness. The exquisite delicacy of the picture is apparent. To understand and appreciate its effective truth and nature, we should place Perdita beside some

of the nymphs of Arcadia, or the Chlorises and Sylvias of the Italian pastorals, who, however graceful in themselves, when opposed to Perdita seem to melt away into mere poetical abstractions; as, in Spenser, the fair but fictitious Florimel, which the subtle enchantress had moulded out of snow, "vermeil-tinctured," and informed with an airy spirit that knew "all wiles of woman's wits," fades and dissolves away, when placed next to the real Florimel, in her warm, breathing, human loveliness.

Perdita does not appear till the fourth act, and the whole of the character is developed in the course of a single scene (the fourth) with a completeness of effect which leaves nothing to be required—nothing to be supplied. She is first introduced in the dialogue between herself and Florizel, where she compares her own lowly state to his princely rank, and expresses her fears of the issue of their unequal attachment. With all her timidity and her sense of the distance which separates her from her lover, she breathes not a single word which could lead us to impugn either her delicacy or her dignity.

MRS. JAMESON: *Characteristics of Women.*

IV.

Leontes.

Leontes is chiefly affected by the insult of the fate that he stupidly and groundlessly hugs to himself. He thinks not—not he, of the pity of the supposed fall of so complete a paragon, but pursues her as an enemy with rancorous and publicly proclaimed animosity. Such temper shows most grossly when the object of it is a lady whose nature is not only alien to such falsehood but unsuggestive of it—a lady who with clear and steady intellectual light illuminates every perversity in her husband's course. Had the victim of Leontes been a wife in whom conjugal affectionateness and not matronly dignity

and the grace and pride of motherhood prevailed, his conduct would have seemed too intolerably brutal for any reconciliation, and the reuniting link of common parental affection would have been wanting, to render it acceptable to our sympathies and convictions. Neither would it have been natural for such a heart to have remained in seclusion so long, feeding on the hope of a daughter's recovery, nor brooding over the lost love of her husband. Desdemona, affectionate and devoted, is the object of love of a husband whose bitterest trial in jealousy, sensitive as he is in honour, is still the loss of her trusted and tender heart. The submissive love of Desdemona faints into a tint of the weakness that invites misfortune, and is the worst of all fatalities; the graceful majesty of Hermione is inclined to the side of sober self-command, and for this, when attempered with tenderness and truth, fortune has ever in reserve a happiness at last.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

The most remarkable stroke of genius in this play of Shakespeare is that he turned only into a comedy a subject which could furnish the most sombre of tragedies. He understood admirably that however violent and tragic were the acts, such a character would be necessarily comic. Indeed, so comic, that it is exactly the one which our Molière has drawn in *Sganarelle, ou le Cocu imaginaire.* Leontes is formidable otherwise than the poor *bourgeois* of Molière, for his folly is supplied with far different means of action; but they are brothers, if not in rank yet in nature, and their souls plunge into the same grotesque element.

MONTEGUT: *Œuvres complètes de Shakespeare.*

V.

Leontes and Othello Contrasted.

The idea of this delightful drama is a genuine jealousy of disposition, and it should be immediately followed by the perusal of Othello, which is the direct contrast of it in every particular. For jealousy is a vice of the mind, a culpable tendency of the temper, having certain well-known and well-defined effects and concomitants, all of which are visible in Leontes, and, I boldly say, not one of which marks its presence in Othello;—such as, first, an excitability by the most inadequate causes, and an eagerness to snatch at proofs; secondly, a grossness of conception, and a disposition to degrade the object of the passion by sensual fancies and images; thirdly, a sense of shame of his own feelings exhibited in a solitary moodiness of humour, and yet from the violence of the passion forced to utter itself, and therefore catching occasions to ease the mind by ambiguities, equivoques, by talking to those who cannot, and who are known not to be able to, understand what is said to them—in short, by soliloquy in the form of dialogue, and hence a confused, broken, and fragmentary manner; fourthly, a dread of vulgar ridicule, as distinct from a high sense of honour, or a mistaken sense of duty; and lastly, and immediately, consequent on this, a spirit of selfish vindictiveness.

COLERIDGE: *Notes and Lectures upon Shakespeare.*

In *The Winter's Tale,* the jealousy of Leontes is not less, but more fierce and unjust, than that of Othello. No Iago whispers poisonous suspicion in Leontes' ear. His wife is not untried, nor did she yield to him her heart with the sweet proneness of Desdemona:—

> "Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death
> Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
> And clap thyself my love; then didst thou utter
> 'I am yours forever.'"

Hermione is suspected of sudden and shameless dishonour—she who is a matron, the mother of Leontes' children, a woman of serious and sweet dignity of character, inured to a noble self-command, and frank only through the consciousness of invulnerable loyalty. The passion of Leontes is not, like that of Othello, a terrible chaos of soul—confusion and despair at the loss of what had been to him the fairest thing on earth; there is a gross personal resentment in the heart of Leontes, not sorrowful, judicial indignation; his passion is hideously grotesque, while that of Othello is pathetic.

The consequences of this jealous madness of Leontes are less calamitous than the ruin wrought by Othello's jealousy, because Hermione is courageous and collected, and possessed of a fortitude of heart which years of suffering are unable to subdue:—

> "There 's some ill planet reigns;
> I must be patient till the heavens look
> With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
> I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
> Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
> Perchance shall dry your pities; but I have
> That honourable grief lodged here, which burns
> Worse than tears drown. Beseech you all, my lords,
> With thoughts so qualified as your charities
> Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
> The king's will be performed!"

But although the wave of calamity is broken by the firm resistance offered by the fortitude of Hermione, it commits ravage enough to make it remembered. Upon the Queen comes a lifetime of solitude and pain. The hopeful son of Leontes and Hermione is done to death, and the infant Perdita is estranged from her kindred and her friends. But at length the heart of Leontes is instructed and purified by anguish and remorse. He has "performed a saint-like sorrow," redeemed his faults, paid down more penitence than done trespass:—

"Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself; which was so much
That heirless it hath made my kingdom, and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of."

And Leontes is received back without reproach into the arms of his wife; she embraces him in silence, allowing the good pain of his repentance to effect its utmost work.

DOWDEN: *Shakspere.*

VI.

Mamillius.

The wild wind of *The Winter's Tale* at its opening would seem to blow us back into a wintrier world indeed. And to the very end I must confess that I have in me so much of the spirit of Rachel weeping in Ramah as will not be comforted because Mamillius is not. It is well for those whose hearts are light enough, to take perfect comfort even in the substitution of his sister Perdita for the boy who died of "thoughts high for one so tender." Even the beautiful suggestion that Shakespeare as he wrote had in mind his own dead little son still fresh and living at his heart can hardly add more than a touch of additional tenderness to our perfect and piteous delight in him. And even in her daughter's embrace it seems hard if his mother should have utterly forgotten the little voice that had only time to tell her just eight words of that ghost story which neither she nor we were ever to hear ended.

SWINBURNE: *A Study of Shakespeare.*

VII.

Autolycus.

The clowns' heads are full of the prices of wool; they have no thought for roses and nightingales, and their

simplicity is rather comical than touching. They are more than overmatched by the light-fingered Autolycus, who educates them by means of ballads, and eases them of their purses at the same time. He is a Jack-of-all-trades, has travelled the country with a monkey, been a process-server, bailiff, and servant to Prince Florizel; he has gone about with a puppet-show playing the Prodigal Son; finally, he marries a tinker's wife and settles down as a confirmed rogue. He is the clown of the piece—roguish, genial, witty, and always master of the situation. In spite of the fact that Shakespeare seized every opportunity to flout the lower classes, that he always gave a satirical and repellent picture of them as a mass, yet their natural wit, good sense, and kind-heartedness are always portrayed in his clowns with a sympathetic touch. Before his time, the buffoon was never an inherent part of the play; he came on and danced his jig without any connection with the plot, and was, in fact, merely intended to amuse the uneducated portion of the audience and make them laugh. Shakespeare was the first to incorporate him into the plot, and to endow him, not merely with the jester's wit, but with the higher faculties and feelings of the Fool in *Lear,* or the gay humour of the vagabond pedlar, Autolycus.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

VIII.

Paulina.

Among Shakespeare's additions in the first part of the play we find the characters of the noble and resolute Paulina and her weakly good-natured husband. Paulina . . . is one of the most admirable and original figures he has put upon the stage. She has more courage than ten men, and possesses that natural eloquence and power of pathos which determined honesty and sound common

sense can bestow upon a woman. She would go through fire and water for the queen whom she loves and trusts. She is untouched by sentimentality; there is as little of the erotic as there is of repugnance in her attitude towards her husband. Her treatment of the king's jealous frenzy reminds us of Emilia in *Othello,* but the resemblance ends there. In Paulina there is a vein of that rare metal which we only find in excellent women of this not essentially feminine type. We meet it again in the nineteenth century in the character of Christiana Oehlenschläger as we see it in Hauch's beautiful commemorative poem.

BRANDES: *William Shakespeare.*

IX.

Camillo.

In the case of Camillo we trace a line of prudence darkening almost into duplicity, that permeates the very purest and most single-hearted of natures. His virtue, which is his character, is the very growth of the trying circumstances by which he is surrounded. He is frank and bold to the fullest extent that is consistent with prudence and usefulness; he carries prudence and management to the fullest extent that consists with self-respect and honour. In truth he is as virtuous and direct as a man can be who is fain to live among the hard conditions of a court, and this perhaps is as much as to say that Autolycus retains as much rectitude as a pedlar may who is tempted by dupes thrice over, and not often has the chance of evincing a leaning to virtue by taking her bid when roguery only makes an equal offer. But this is unfair to Camillo, though it might be so to few others, and we must approve and admire the sagacity with which he proves the strength of unreasoning prejudice, and hoodwinks and eludes the power he can neither disabuse

nor contend against. This is the wisdom that ere now has saved a nation as it saves the fortunes of the play, but may the world soon lack those tyrannous necessities that reduce the best virtue practicable so nearly to the equivocal.

LLOYD: *Critical Essays on the Plays of Shakespeare.*

X.

Antigonus Compared with Camillo.

In the very first words Antigonus utters, Shakespeare shows him to us in thorough contrast with Camillo. By the mere word *justice* Antigonus admits the possibility that Hermione may be guilty; while Camillo, from first to last, feels the impossibility of her guilt. Antigonus at once proclaims himself a courtier, the man who points out to his royal master the expediency and policy of what he is about to do as touches his own person, his consort, and his heir-apparent; Camillo is the faithful counsellor, the honest friend, the loyal servant, who strives to preserve the intrinsic honour of his king, rather than to maintain himself in his favour. Not only are these two characters finely distinguished in their delineation, the one from the other, but they are most dramatically framed for and adapted to the exigencies of the parts they are destined to fill in the progress of the plot. Camillo, with his honourable nature and integrity of purpose, becomes the ultimate bond of reconciliation and union between the two kings and their respective children; while Antigonus, with his courtier pliancy and lack of earnest faith—having a glimpse of the better, yet following the worse, path—becomes the agent for the king's cruelty to his infant daughter, and loses his own life in the unworthy act.

CLARKE: *Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare.*

XI.

Conspectus.

Shakespeare has treated Greene's narrative in the way he has usually dealt with his bad originals—he has done away with some indelicacy in the matter, and some unnatural things in the form; he has given a better foundation to the characters and course of events; but to impart an intrinsic value to the subject as a whole, to bring a double action into unity, and to give to the play the character of a regular drama by mere arrangements of matter and alteration of motive was not possible. The wildness of the fiction, the improbability and contingency of the events, the gap in the time which divides the two actions between two generations, could not be repaired by any art. Shakespeare, therefore, began upon his theme in quite an opposite direction. He increased still more the marvellous and miraculous in the given subject, he disregarded more and more the requirements of the real and probable, and treated time, place, and circumstances with the utmost arbitrariness. He added the character of Antigonus and his death by the bear, Paulina and her second marriage in old age, the pretended death and the long forbearance and preservation of Hermione, Autolycus and his cunning tricks, and he increased thereby the improbable circumstances and strange incidents. He overleaped all limits, mixing up together Russian emperors and the Delphic oracle and Julio Romano, chivalry and heathendom, ancient forms of religion and Whitsuntide pastorals.

GERVINUS: *Shakespeare Commentaries.*

It is easily seen that here, in contrast to *As You Like It,* the general foundation and plan of the whole—the jealousy of Leontes, the exposure of the infant, the seclusion of the Queen and the repentance of her husband, the young Prince's love for the exceedingly beautiful shepherdess,

etc.—although unusual, are nevertheless in accordance with reality; the characters, also, are consistently developed, without sudden changes and psychological improbabilities. Individual features, however, are all the more fantastic. We have here the full sway of accident and caprice in the concatenation of events, circumstances and relations; everything is removed from common experience. Not only is Delphos spoken of as an "island" and Bohemia as a maritime country (local reality, therefore, disregarded), but the reality of time also is completely set aside, inasmuch as the Delphic oracle is made to exist contemporaneously with Russian emperors and the great painter Julio Romano; in fact, the heroic age and the times of chivalry, the ancient customs of mythical religion and Christianity with its institutions are brought together *sans cérémonie*. It is a matter of accident that the death of the Crown Prince is announced simultaneously with the utterance of the oracle, and that the condition of the Queen appears like actual death. It is purely an accident that the babe is saved at the very moment that the nobleman who exposed it is torn to pieces by a bear, and that his ship, with all on board, is lost, so that no tidings could be carried back to Sicilia. It is mere accident that the young Prince of Bohemia strays into woods and meets the shepherds with whom the Princess is living. In the end similar freaks of chance repair the results of the first accidents, bring all the dramatic personages together in Sicilia, put everything into its proper order, and bring about a happy conclusion. As, therefore, the unreal, the fantastic is here expressed in individual features rather than in the general fundamental relations of the play, so it is also more the interaction of external matters of chance that govern the whole and solve the contradiction of opinions and intentions, of deeds and events; thus, in spite of all the apparent impossibilities, that which is rational and right is ultimately brought about.

ULRICI: *Shakspeare's Dramatic Art.*

Besides the ripe comedy, characteristic of Shakespeare at his latest, which indeed harmonizes admirably with the idyl of love to which it serves as background, there is also a harsh exhibition, in Leontes, of the meanest of the passions, an insane jealousy, petty and violent as the man who nurses it. For sheer realism, for absolute insight into the most cobwebbed corners of our nature, Shakespeare has rarely surpassed this brief study, which, in its total effect, does but throw out in brightier relief the noble qualities of the other actors beside him, the pleasant qualities of the play they make by their acting.

SYMONS: *Henry Irving Shakespeare.*

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

LEONTES, *king of Sicilia.*
MAMILLIUS, *young prince of Sicilia.*
CAMILLO,
ANTIGONUS,
CLEOMENES,
DION, } *four Lords of Sicilia.*
POLIXENES, *king of Bohemia.*
FLORIZEL, *Prince of Bohemia.*
ARCHIDAMUS, *a Lord of Bohemia.*
Old Shepherd, *reputed father of Perdita.*
Clown, *his son.*
AUTOLYCUS, *a rogue.*
A Mariner.
A Gaoler.

HERMIONE, *queen to Leontes.*
PERDITA, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
PAULINA, *wife to Antigonus.*
EMILIA, *a lady attending on Hermione.*
MOPSA,
DORCAS, } *Shepherdesses.*

Other Lords and Gentlemen, Ladies, Officers, and Servants, Shepherds, and Shepherdesses.

Time, as Chorus.

SCENE: *Partly in Sicilia, and partly in Bohemia.*

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

Antechamber in Leontes' palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. If you shall chance, Camillo, to visit Bohemia, on the like occasion whereon my services are now on foot, you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bohemia and your Sicilia.

Cam. I think, this coming summer, the King of Sicilia means to pay Bohemia the visitation which he justly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment shall shame us we will be justified in our loves; for indeed—

Cam. Beseech you,—

Arch. Verily, I speak it in the freedom of my knowledge: we cannot with such magnificence—in so rare—I know not what to say. We will give you sleepy drinks, that your senses, unintelligent of our insufficience, may, though they cannot praise us, as little accuse us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what 's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I speak as my understanding instructs me, and as mine honesty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot show himself over-kind to Bohemia.

They were trained together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then such an affection, which cannot choose but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, their encounters, though not personal, have been royally attorneyed with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embassies; that they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands, as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves!

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unspeakable comfort of your young prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greatest promise that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed physics the subject, makes old hearts fresh: they that went on crutches ere he was born desire yet their life to see him a man.

Arch. Would they else be content to die?

Cam. Yes; if there were no other excuse why they should desire to live.

Arch. If the king had no son, they would desire to live on crutches till he had one.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A room of state in the same.

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Mamillius, Polixenes, Camillo, and Attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watery star hath been
The shepherd's note since we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks:
And yet we should, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore, like a cipher,
Yet standing in rich place, I multiply
With one 'We thank you,' many thousands moe
That go before it.
Leon. Stay your thanks a while;
And pay them when you part.
Pol. Sir, that 's to-morrow.
I am question'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our absence; that may blow
No sneaping winds at home, to make us say
'This is put forth too truly': besides, I have stay'd
To tire your royalty.
Leon. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to 't.
Pol. No longer stay.
Leon. One seven-night longer.
Pol. Very sooth, to-morrow.
Leon. We 'll part the time between 's, then: and in that I 'll no gainsaying.
Pol. Press me not, beseech you, so.
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' the world,

So soon as yours could win me: so it should now,
Were there necessity in your request, although
'Twere needful I denied it. My affairs
Do even drag me homeward: which to hinder
Were in your love a whip to me; my stay
To you a charge and trouble: to save both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leon. Tongue-tied our queen? speak you.

Her. I had thought, sir, to have held my peace until
You had drawn oaths from him not to stay. You, sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are sure
All in Bohemia 's well; this satisfaction
The by-gone day proclaim'd: say this to him,
He 's beat from his best ward.

Leon. Well said, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to see his son, were strong:
But let him say so then, and let him go;
But let him swear so, and he shall not stay,
We 'll thwack him hence with distaffs.
Yet of your royal presence I 'll adventure
The borrow of a week. When at Bohemia
You take my lord, I 'll give him my commission
To let him there a month behind the gest
Prefix'd for 's parting: yet, good deed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
What lady she her lord. You 'll stay?

Pol. No, madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily!
You put me off with limber vows; but I,

Though you would seek to unsphere the stars with oaths,
Should yet say, 'Sir, no going.' Verily,
You shall not go: a lady's 'Verily' 's
As potent as a lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a prisoner,
Not like a guest; so you shall pay your fees
When you depart, and save your thanks. How say you?
My prisoner? or my guest? by your dread 'Verily,'
One of them you shall be.

Pol. Your guest, then, madam:
To be your prisoner should import offending;
Which is for me less easy to commit
Than you to punish.

Her. Not your gaoler, then,
But your kind hostess. Come, I 'll question you
Of my lord's tricks and yours when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?

Pol. We were, fair queen,
Two lads that thought there was no more behind,
But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.

Her. Was not my lord
The verier wag o' the two?

Pol. We were as twinn'd lambs that did frisk i' the sun,
And bleat the one at the other: what we changed
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, no, nor dream'd
That any did. Had we pursued that life,
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

Boldly 'not guilty'; the imposition clear'd
Hereditary ours.

Her. By this we gather
You have tripp'd since.

Pol. O my most sacred lady
Temptations have since then been born to 's: for
In those unfledged days was my wife a girl;
Your precious self had then not cross'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.

Her. Grace to boot! 80
Of this make no conclusion, lest you say
Your queen and I are devils: yet go on;
The offences we have made you do we 'll answer,
If you first sinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault, and that you slipp'd not
With any but with us.

Leon. Is he won yet?

Her. He 'll stay, my lord.

Leon. At my request he would not.
Hermione, my dearest, thou never spokest
To better purpose.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never, but once.

Her. What! have I twice said well? when was 't before?
I prithee tell me; cram 's with praise, and make 's 91
As fat as tame things: one good deed dying tongue-
less
Slaughters a thousand waiting upon that.
Our praises are our wages: you may ride 's
With one soft kiss a thousand furlongs ere
With spur we heat an acre. But to the goal:
My last good deed was to entreat his stay:
What was my first? it has an elder sister,

Or I mistake you: O, would her name were Grace!
But once before I spoke to the purpose: when?
Nay, let me have 't; I long.

Leon. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had sour'd themselves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clap thyself my love: then didst thou utter
'I am yours for ever.'

Her. 'Tis Grace indeed.
Why, lo you now, I have spoke to the purpose twice:
The one for ever earn'd a royal husband;
The other for some while a friend.

Leon. [*Aside*] Too hot, too hot!
To mingle friendship far is mingling bloods.
I have tremor cordis on me: my heart dances;
But not for joy; not joy. This entertainment
May a free face put on, derive a liberty
From heartiness, from bounty, fertile bosom,
And well become the agent; 't may, I grant;
But to be paddling palms and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practised smiles,
As in a looking-glass, and then to sigh, as 'twere
The mort o' the deer; O, that is entertainment
My bosom likes not, nor my brows! Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. I' fecks!
Why, that 's my bawcock. What, hast smutch'd thy nose?
They say it is a copy out of mine. Come, captain,
We must be neat; not neat, but cleanly, captain:
And yet the steer, the heifer and the calf

Are all call'd neat.—Still virginalling
Upon his palm!—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf!

Mam. Yes, if you will, my lord.

Leon. Thou want'st a rough pash and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me: yet they say we are
Almost as like as eggs; women say so,
That will say any thing: but were they false
As o'er-dyed blacks, as wind, as waters, false
As dice are to be wish'd by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine, yet were it true
To say this boy were like me. Come, sir page,
Look on me with your welkin eye: sweet villain!
Most dear'st! my collop! Can thy dam?—may 't be?—
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre:
Thou dost make possible things not so held,
Communicatest with dreams;—how can this be?—
With what 's unreal thou coactive art,
And fellow'st nothing: then 'tis very credent
Thou mayst co-join with something; and thou dost,
And that beyond commission, and I find it,
And that to the infection of my brains
And hardening of my brows.

Pol. What means Sicilia?

Her. He something seems unsettled.

Pol. How, my lord!
What cheer? how is 't with you, best brother!

Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much distraction;
Are you moved, my lord?

Leon. No, in good earnest.

How sometimes nature will betray its folly,
Its tenderness, and make itself a pastime
To harder bosoms! Looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and saw myself unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat, my dagger muzzled
Lest it should bite its master, and so prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This squash, this gentleman. Mine honest friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my lord, I 'll fight.

Leon. You will! why, happy man be 's dole! My brother,
Are you so fond of your young prince, as we
Do seem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, sir,
He 's all my exercise, my mirth, my matter:
Now my sworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My parasite, my soldier, statesman, all:
He makes a July's day short as December;
And with his varying childness cures in me
Thoughts that would thick my blood.

Leon. So stands this squire
Officed with me: we two will walk, my lord,
And leave you to your graver steps. Hermione,
How thou lovest us, show in our brother's welcome;
Let what is dear in Sicily be cheap:
Next to thyself and my young rover, he 's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you would seek us,
We are yours i' the garden: shall 's attend you there?

Leon. To your own bents dispose you: you 'll be found,

Be you beneath the sky. [*Aside*] I am angling now,
Though you perceive me not how I give line.
Go to, go to!
How she holds up the neb, the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldness of a wife
To her allowing husband!
[*Exeunt Polixenes, Hermione and Attendants.*
Gone already!
Inch-thick, knee-deep, o'er head and ears a fork'd one!
Go, play, boy, play: thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but so disgraced a part, whose issue
Will hiss me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play. There have been,
Or I am much deceived, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this present,
Now, while I speak this, holds his wife by the arm,
That little thinks she has been sluiced in 's absence
And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile, his neighbour: nay, there 's comfort in 't,
Whiles other men have gates and those gates open'd,
As mine, against their will. Should all despair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themselves. Physic for 't there is none;
It is a bawdy planet, that will strike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful, think it,
From east, west, north and south: be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly; know 't;
It will let in and out the enemy
With bag and baggage: many thousand on 's
Have the disease, and feel 't not. How now, boy!

Mam. I am like you, they say.

Leon. Why, that 's some comfort.
What, Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good lord.

Leon. Go play, Mamillius; thou 'rt an honest man.
[*Exit Mamillius.*
Camillo, this great sir will yet stay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold:
When you cast out, it still came home.

Leon. Didst note it?

Cam. He would not stay at your petitions; made
His business more material.

Leon. Didst perceive it?
[*Aside*] They 're here with me already; whispering, rounding
'Sicilia is a so-forth': 'tis far gone,
When I shall gust it last.—How came 't, Camillo,
That he did stay?

Cam. At the good queen's entreaty.

Leon. At the queen's be 't: 'good' should be pertinent;
But, so it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any understanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is soaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks: not noted, is 't,
But of the finer natures? by some severals
Of head-piece extraordinary? lower messes
Perchance are to this business purblind? say.

Cam. Business, my lord! I think most understand
Bohemia stays here longer.

Leon. Ha!

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leon. Ay, but why?

Cam. To satisfy your highness, and the entreaties
Of our most gracious mistress.

Leon. Satisfy!
The entreaties of your mistress! satisfy!
Let that suffice. I have trusted thee, Camillo,
With all the nearest things to my heart, as well
My chamber-councils; wherein, priest-like, thou
Hast cleansed my bosom, I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd: but we have been
Deceived in thy integrity, deceived
In that which seems so.

Cam. Be it forbid, my lord!

Leon. To bide upon 't, thou art not honest; or,
If thou inclinest that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honesty behind, restraining
From course required; or else thou must be counted
A servant grafted in my serious trust
And therein negligent; or else a fool
That seest a game play'd home, the rich stake drawn,
And takest it all for jest.

Cam. My gracious lord,
I may be negligent, foolish and fearful;
In every one of these no man is free,
But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Among the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my lord,
If ever I were wilful-negligent,
It was my folly; if industriously
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end; if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the issue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out

Against the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wisest: these, my lord,
Are such allow'd infirmities that honesty
Is never free of. But, beseech your grace,
Be plainer with me; let me know my trespass
By its own visage: if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leon. Ha' not you seen, Camillo,—
But that 's past doubt, you have, or your eye-glass
Is thicker than a cuckold's horn,—or heard,—
For to a vision so apparent rumour
Cannot be mute,—or thought,—for cogitation
Resides not in that man that does not think,—
My wife is slippery? If thou wilt confess,
Or else be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes nor ears nor thought, then say
My wife 's a hobby-horse; deserves a name
As rank as any flax-wench that puts to
Before her troth-plight: say 't and justify 't.

Cam. I would not be a stander-by to hear
My sovereign mistress clouded so, without
My present vengeance taken: 'shrew my heart,
You never spoke what did become you less
Than this; which to reiterate were sin
As deep as that, though true.

Leon. Is whispering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
Of laughter with a sigh?—a note infallible
Of breaking honesty;—horsing foot on foot?
Skulking in corners? wishing clocks more swift?
Hours, minutes? noon, midnight? and all eyes

Blind with the pin and web but theirs, theirs only,
That would unseen be wicked? is this nothing?
Why, then the world and all that 's in 't is nothing;
The covering sky is nothing; Bohemia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my lord, be cured
Of this diseased opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis most dangerous.

Leon. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my lord.

Leon. It is; you lie, you lie:
I say thou liest, Camillo, and I hate thee,
Pronounce thee a gross lout, a mindless slave,
Or else a hovering temporizer, that
Canst with thine eyes at once see good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, she would not live
The running of one glass.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leon. Why, he that wears her like her medal, hanging
About his neck, Bohemia: who, if I
Had servants true about me, that bare eyes
To see alike mine honour as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which should undo more doing: ay, and thou,
His cupbearer,—whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd and rear'd to worship, who mayst see
Plainly as heaven sees earth and earth sees heaven,
How I am gall'd,—mightst bespice a cup,
To give mine enemy a lasting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my lord,
I could do this, and that with no rash potion,
But with a lingering dram, that should not work
Maliciously like poison: but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread mistress,
So sovereignly being honourable.
I have loved thee,—

Leon. Make that thy question, and go rot!
Dost think I am so muddy, so unsettled,
To appoint myself in this vexation; sully
The purity and whiteness of my sheets,
Which to preserve is sleep, which being spotted
Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of wasps;
Give scandal to the blood o' the prince my son,
Who I do think is mine and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to 't? Would I do this?
Could man so blench?

Cam. I must believe you, sir:
I do; and will fetch off Bohemia for 't;
Provided that, when he 's removed, your highness
Will take again your queen as yours at first,
Even for your son's sake; and thereby for sealing
The injury of tongues in courts and kingdom
Known and allied to yours.

Leon. Thou dost advise me
Even so as I mine own course have set down:
I 'll give no blemish to her honour, none.

Cam. My lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendship wears at feasts, keep with Bohemia
And with your queen. I am his cupbearer:
If from me he have wholesome beverage,

Account me not your servant.

Leon. This is all:
Do 't, and thou hast the one half of my heart;
Do 't not, thou splitt'st thine own.

Cam. I 'll do 't, my lord.

Leon. I will seem friendly, as thou hast advised me. [*Exit.*

Cam. O miserable lady! But, for me,
What case stand I in? I must be the poisoner
Of good Polixenes: and my ground to do 't
Is the obedience to a master, one
Who, in rebellion with himself, will have
All that are his so too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thousands that had struck anointed kings
And flourish'd after, I 'ld not do 't; but since
Nor brass nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
Let villany itself forswear 't. I must
Forsake the court: to do 't, or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy star reign now!
Here comes Bohemia.

Re-enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is strange: methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not speak?
Good day, Camillo.

Cam. Hail, most royal sir!

Pol. What is the news i' the court?

Cam. None rare, my lord.

Pol. The king hath on him such a countenance
As he had lost some province, and a region
Loved as he loves himself: even now I met him

With customary compliment; when he,
Wafting his eyes to the contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, speeds from me and
So leaves me, to consider what is breeding
That changes thus his manners.

Cam. I dare not know, my lord.

Pol. How! dare not! do not. Do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me: 'tis thereabouts;
For, to yourself, what you do know, you must,
And cannot say, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your changed complexions are to me a mirror
Which shows me mine changed too; for I must be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myself thus alter'd with 't.

Cam. There is a sickness
Which puts some of us in distemper; but
I cannot name the disease; and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.

Pol. How! caught of me!
Make me not sighted like the basilisk:
I have look'd on thousands, who have sped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none so. Camillo,—
As you are certainly a gentleman; thereto
Clerk-like experienced, which no less adorns
Our gentry than our parents' noble names,
In whose success we are gentle,—I beseech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof to be inform'd, imprison 't not
In ignorant concealment.

Cam. I may not answer.

Pol. A sickness caught of me, and yet I well!

I must be answer'd. Dost thou hear, Camillo?
I conjure thee, by all the parts of man
Which honour does acknowledge, whereof the least
Is not this suit of mine, that thou declare
What incidency thou dost guess of harm
Is creeping toward me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if to be;
If not, how best to bear it.

Cam. Sir, I will tell you;
Since I am charged in honour and by him
That I think honourable: therefore mark my counsel,
Which must be ev'n as swiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it, or both yourself and me
Cry lost, and so good night!

Pol. On, good Camillo.

Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.

Pol. By whom, Camillo?

Cam. By the king.

Pol. For what?

Cam. He thinks, nay, with all confidence he swears,
As he had seen 't, or been an instrument
To vice you to 't, that you have touch'd his queen
Forbiddenly.

Pol. O then, my best blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yoked with his that did betray the Best!
Turn then my freshest reputation to
A savour that may strike the dullest nostril
Where I arrive, and my approach be shunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worse than the great'st infection
That e'er was heard or read!

Cam. Swear his thought over

By each particular star in heaven and
By all their influences, you may as well
Forbid the sea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation
Is piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

Pol. How should this grow?

Cam. I know not: but I am sure 'tis safer to
Avoid what 's grown than question how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare trust my honesty,
That lies enclosed in this trunk which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night!
Your followers I will whisper to the business;
And will by twos and threes at several posterns,
Clear them o' the city. For myself, I 'll put
My fortunes to your service, which are here
By this discovery lost. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth: which if you seek to prove,
I dare not stand by; nor shall you be safer
Than one condemn'd by the king's own mouth, thereon
His execution sworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I saw his heart in 's face. Give me thy hand:
Be pilot to me and thy places shall
Still neighbour mine. My ships are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago. This jealousy
Is for a precious creature: as she 's rare,
Must it be great; and, as his person 's mighty,
Must it be violent; and as he does conceive

He is dishonour'd by a man which ever
Profess'd to him, why, his revenges must
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'ershades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en suspicion! Come, Camillo;
I will respect thee as a father if
Thou bear'st my life off hence: let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the posterns: please your highness
To take the urgent hour. Come, sir, away.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. Take the boy to you: he so troubles me,
'Tis past enduring.

First Lady. Come, my gracious lord,
Shall I be your playfellow?

Mam. No, I 'll none of you.

First Lady. Why, my sweet lord?

Mam. You 'll kiss me hard, and speak to me as if
I were a baby still. I love you better.

Sec. Lady. And why so, my lord?

Mam. Not for because
Your brows are blacker; yet black brows, they say,
Become some women best, so that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a semicircle,

Or a half-moon made with a pen.

Sec. Lady. Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of women's faces. Pray now
What colour are your eyebrows?

First Lady. Blue, my lord.

Mam. Nay, that 's a mock: I have seen a lady's nose
That has been blue, but not her eyebrows.

First Lady. Hark ye;
The queen your mother rounds apace: we shall
Present our service to a fine new prince
One of these days; and then you 'ld wanton with us,
If we would have you.

Sec. Lady. She is spread of late
Into a goodly bulk: good time encounter her!

Her. What wisdom stirs amongst you? Come, sir, now
I am for you again: pray you, sit by us,
And tell 's a tale.

Mam. Merry or sad shall 't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A sad tale 's best for winter: I have one
Of sprites and goblins.

Her. Let 's have that, good sir.
Come on, sit down: come on, and do your best
To fright me with your sprites; you 're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man—

Her. Nay, come, sit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a churchyard: I will tell it softly;
Yond crickets shall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then,
And give 't me in mine ear.

Enter Leontes, with Antigonus, Lords, and others.

Leon. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

First Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men scour so on their way: I eyed them
Even to their ships.

Leon. How blest am I
In my just censure, in my true opinion!
Alack, for lesser knowledge! how accursed
In being so blest! There may be in the cup
A spider steep'd, and one may drink, depart,
And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
Is not infected; but if one present
The abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent hefts. I have drunk, and seen the spider.
Camillo was his help in this, his pandar:
There is a plot against my life, my crown;
All 's true that is mistrusted: that false villain
Whom I employ'd was pre-employ'd by him:
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the posterns
So easily open?

First Lord. By his great authority;
Which often hath no less prevail'd than so
On your command.

Leon. I know 't too well.
Give me the boy: I am glad you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.

Her. What is this? sport?

Leon. Bear the boy hence; he shall not come about her;
Away with him! and let her sport herself
With that she 's big with; for 'tis Polixenes
Hath made thee swell thus.
Her. But I 'ld say he had not,
And I 'll be sworn you would believe my saying,
Howe'er you lean to the nayward.
Leon. You, my lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To say ' she is a goodly lady,' and
The justice of your hearts will thereto add
' 'Tis pity she 's not honest, honourable ':
Praise her but for this her without-door form,
Which on my faith deserves high speech, and straight
The shrug, the hum or ha, these pretty brands
That calumny doth use; O, I am out,
That mercy does, for calumny will sear
Virtue itself: these shrugs, these hums and ha's,
When you have said ' she 's goodly,' come between
Ere you can say ' she 's honest ': but be 't known,
From him that has most cause to grieve it should be,
She 's an adulteress.
Her. Should a villain say so,
The most replenish'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my lord,
Do but mistake.
Leon. You have mistook, my lady,
Polixenes for Leontes: O thou thing!
Which I 'll not call a creature of thy place,
Lest barbarism, making me the precedent,
Should a like language use to all degrees,
And mannerly distinguishment leave out

Betwixt the prince and beggar: I have said
She 's an adulteress; I have said with whom:
More, she 's a traitor and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows,
What she should shame to know herself
But with her most vile principal, that she 's
A bed-swerver, even as bad as those
That vulgars give bold'st titles; ay, and privy
To this their late escape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this. How will this grieve you,
When you shall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publish'd me! Gentle my lord,
You scarce can right me thoroughly then to say
You did mistake.

Leon. No; if I mistake
In those foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A school-boy's top. Away with her, to prison!
He who shall speak for her is afar off guilty
But that he speaks.

Her. There 's some ill planet reigns:
I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favourable. Good my lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our sex
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew
Perchance shall dry your pities: but I have
That honourable grief lodged here which burns
Worse than tears drown: beseech you all, my lords,
With thoughts so qualified as your charities
Shall best instruct you, measure me; and so
The king's will be perform'd!

Leon. Shall I be heard?

Her. Who is 't that goes with me? Beseech your highness,
My women may be with me; for you see
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools;
There is no cause; when you shall know your mistress
Has deserved prison, then abound in tears
As I come out: this action I now go on
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my lord:
I never wish'd to see you sorry; now
I trust I shall. My women, come; you have leave.

Leon. Go, do our bidding; hence!

[*Exit Queen, guarded; with Ladies.*

First Lord. Beseech your highness, call the queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, lest your justice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones suffer,
Yourself, your queen, your son.

First Lord. For her, my lord,
I dare my life lay down and will do 't, sir,
Please you to accept it, that the queen is spotless
I' the eyes of heaven and to you; I mean,
In this which you accuse her.

Ant. If it prove
She 's otherwise, I 'll keep my stables where
I lodge my wife; I 'll go in couples with her;
Than when I feel and see her no farther trust her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's flesh is false,
If she be.

Leon. Hold your peaces.

First Lord. Good my lord,—

It is for you we speak, not for ourselves:
You are abused, and by some putter-on
That will be damn'd for 't; would I knew the villain,
I would land-damn him. Be she honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldest is eleven;
The second and the third, nine, and some five;
If this prove true, they 'll pay for 't: by mine honour,
I 'll geld 'em all; fourteen they shall not see,
To bring false generations: they are co-heirs;
And I had rather glib myself than they
Should not produce fair issue.

Leon. Cease; no more.
You smell this business with a sense as cold
As is a dead man's nose: but I do see 't and feel 't,
As you feel doing thus; and see withal
The instruments that feel.

Ant. If it be so,
We need no grave to bury honesty:
There 's not a grain of it the face to sweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.

Leon. What! lack I credit?

First Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my lord,
Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true than your suspicion,
Be blamed for 't how you might.

Leon. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this, but rather follow
Our forceful instigation? Our prerogative
Calls not your counsels, but our natural goodness
Imparts this; which if you, or stupified
Or seeming so in skill, cannot or will not
Relish a truth like us, inform yourselves

We need no more of your advice: the matter,
The loss, the gain, the ordering on 't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wish, my liege,
You had only in your silent judgement tried it,
Without more overture.

Leon. How could that be?
Either thou art most ignorant by age,
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation
But only seeing, all other circumstances
Made up to the deed,—doth push on this proceeding:
Yet, for a greater confirmation,
For in an act of this importance 'twere
Most piteous to be wild, I have dispatch'd in post
To sacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of stuff'd sufficiency: now from the oracle
They will bring all; whose spiritual counsel had,
Shall stop or spur me. Have I done well?

First Lord. Well done, my lord.

Leon. Though I am satisfied and need no more
Than what I know, yet shall the oracle
Give rest to the minds of others, such as he
Whose ignorant credulity will not
Come up to the truth. So have we thought it good
From our free person she should be confined,
Lest that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us;
We are to speak in public; for this business

Will raise us all.

Ant. [*Aside*] To laughter, as I take it,
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A prison.

Enter Paulina, a Gentleman, and Attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the prison, call to him;
Let him have knowledge who I am. [*Exit Gent.*
Good lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What dost thou then in prison?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Gaoler.

Now, good sir,
You know me, do you not?

Gaol. For a worthy lady
And one who much I honour.

Paul. Pray you, then,
Conduct me to the queen.

Gaol. I may not, madam:
To the contrary I have express commandment.

Paul. Here 's ado,
To lock up honesty and honour from
The access of gentle visitors! Is 't lawful, pray you,
To see her women? any of them? Emilia?

Gaol. So please you, madam,
To put apart these your attendants, I
Shall bring Emilia forth.

Paul. I pray now, call her.

Withdraw yourselves.

[*Exeunt Gentleman and Attendants.*

Gaol. And, madam,
I must be present at your conference.

Paul. Well, be 't so, prithee. [*Exit Gaoler.*
Here 's such ado to make no stain a stain
As passes colouring.

Re-enter Gaoler, with Emilia.

Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious lady?

Emil. As well as one so great and so forlorn
May hold together: on her frights and griefs,
Which never tender lady hath borne greater,
She is something before her time deliver'd.

Paul. A boy?

Emil. A daughter; and a goodly babe,
Lusty and like to live: the queen receives
Much comfort in 't; says, ' My poor prisoner,
I am innocent as you.'

Paul. I dare be sworn:
These dangerous unsafe lunes i' the king, beshrew them!
He must be told on 't, and he shall: the office
Becomes a woman best; I 'll take 't upon me:
If I prove honey-mouth'd, let my tongue blister,
And never to my red-look'd anger be
The trumpet any more. Pray you, Emilia,
Commend my best obedience to the queen:
If she dares trust me with her little babe,
I 'll show 't the king and undertake to be
Her advocate to the loud'st. We do not know

How he may soften at the sight o' the child:
The silence often of pure innocence
Persuades when speaking fails.

Emil. Most worthy madam,
Your honour and your goodness is so evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miss
A thriving issue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Please your ladyship
To visit the next room, I 'll presently
Acquaint the queen of your most noble offer;
Who but to-day hammer'd of this design,
But durst not tempt a minister of honour,
Lest she should be denied.

Paul. Tell her, Emilia,
I 'll use that tongue I have: if wit flow from 't
As boldness from my bosom, let 't not be doubted
I shall do good.

Emil. Now be you blest for it!
I 'll to the queen: please you, come something nearer.

Gaol. Madam, if 't please the queen to send the babe,
I know not what I shall incur to pass it,
Having no warrant.

Paul. You need not fear it, sir:
This child was prisoner to the womb, and is
By law and process of great nature thence
Freed and enfranchised; not a party to
The anger of the king, nor guilty of,
If any be, the trespass of the queen.

Gaol. I do believe it.

Paul. Do not you fear: upon mine honour, I
Will stand betwixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and Servants.

Leon. Nor night nor day no rest: it is but weakness
To bear the matter thus; mere weakness. If
The cause were not in being,—part o' the cause,
She the adulteress; for the harlot king
Is quite beyond mine arm, out of the blank
And level of my brain, plot-proof; but she
I can hook to me: say that she were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my rest
Might come to me again. Who 's there?

First Serv. My lord?

Leon. How does the boy?

First Serv. He took good rest to-night; 10
'Tis hoped his sickness is discharged.

Leon. To see his nobleness!
Conceiving the dishonour of his mother,
He straight declined, droop'd, took it deeply,
Fasten'd and fix'd the shame on 't in himself,
Threw off his spirit, his appetite, his sleep,
And downright languish'd. Leave me solely: go,
See how he fares. [*Exit Serv.*] Fie, fie! no thought of him:
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me: in himself too mighty, 20
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be
Until a time may serve: for present vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me, make their pastime at my sorrow:

They should not laugh if I could reach them, nor
Shall she within my power.

Enter Paulina, with a child.

First Lord. You must not enter.
Paul. Nay, rather, good my lords, be second to me:
Fear you his tyrannous passion more, alas,
Than the queen's life? a gracious innocent soul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That 's enough.
Sec. Serv. Madam, he hath not slept to-night; commanded
None should come at him.
Paul. Not so hot, good sir:
I come to bring him sleep. 'Tis such as you,
That creep like shadows by him, and do sigh
At each his needless heavings, such as you
Nourish the cause of his awaking: I
Do come with words as medicinal as true,
Honest as either, to purge him of that humour
That presses him from sleep.
Leon. What noise there, ho?
Paul. No noise, my lord; but needful conference
About some gossips for your highness.
Leon. How:
Away with that audacious lady! Antigonus,
I charged thee that she should not come about me:
I knew she would.
Ant. I told her so, my lord,
On your displeasure's peril and on mine,
She should not visit you.
Leon. What, canst not rule her?
Paul. From all dishonesty he can: in this,

Unless he take the course that you have done,
Commit me from committing honour, trust it,
He shall not rule me.

Ant. La you now, you hear:
When she will take the rein I let her run;
But she 'll not stumble.

Paul. Good my liege, I come;
And, I beseech you, hear me, who professes
Myself your loyal servant, your physician,
Your most obedient counsellor, yet that dares
Less appear so in comforting your evils,
Than such as most seem yours: I say, I come
From your good queen.

Leon. Good queen!

Paul. Good queen, my lord,
Good queen; I say good queen;
And would by combat make her good, so were I
A man, the worst about you.

Leon. Force her hence.

Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes
First hand me: on mine own accord I 'll off;
But first I 'll do my errand. The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.

[*Laying down the child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o' door:
A most intelligencing bawd!

Paul. Not so:
I am as ignorant in that as you
In so entitling me, and no less honest
Than you are mad; which is enough, I 'll warrant,

As this world goes, to pass for honest.

Leon. Traitors!
Will you not push her out? Give her the bastard.
Thou dotard! thou art woman-tired, unroosted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the bastard;
Take 't up, I say; give 't to thy crone.

Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Takest up the princess by that forced baseness
Which he has put upon 't!

Leon. He dreads his wife.

Paul. So I would you did; then 'twere past all doubt 80
You 'ld call your children yours.

Leon. A nest of traitors!

Ant. I am none, by this good light.

Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that 's here, and that 's himself; for he
The sacred honour of himself, his queen's,
His hopeful son's, his babe's, betrays to slander,
Whose sting is sharper than the sword's; and will not,—
For, as the case now stands, it is a curse
He cannot be compell'd to 't,—once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten
As ever oak or stone was sound.

Leon. A callat 90
Of boundless tongue, who late hath beat her husband
And now baits me! This brat is none of mine;
It is the issue of Polixenes:
Hence with it, and together with the dam
Commit them to the fire!

Paul. It is yours;
And, might we lay the old proverb to your charge,

So like you, 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father, eye, nose, lip;
The trick of 's frown; his forehead; nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin and cheek; his smiles;
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger:
And thou, good goddess Nature, which hast made it
So like to him that got it, if thou hast
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongst all colours
No yellow in 't, lest she suspect, as he does,
Her children not her husband's!

Leon. A gross hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the husbands
That cannot do that feat, you 'll leave yourself
Hardly one subject.

Leon. Once more, take her hence.

Paul. A most unworthy and unnatural lord
Can do no more.

Leon. I 'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not:
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not she which burns in 't. I 'll not call you tyrant;
But this most cruel usage of your queen—
Not able to produce more accusation
Than your own weak-hinged fancy—something savours
Of tyranny, and will ignoble make you,
Yea, scandalous to the world.

Leon. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her! Were I a tyrant,

Where were her life? she durst not call me so,
If she did know me one. Away with her!

Paul. I pray you, do not push me; I 'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my lord; 'tis yours: Jove send her
A better guiding spirit! What needs these hands?
You, that are thus so tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, so: farewell; we are gone. [*Exit.*

Leon. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.
My child? away with 't! Even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence
And see it instantly consumed with fire;
Even thou and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
And by good testimony, or I 'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou set'st on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in 't.

Lords. We can: my royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leon. You 're liars all.

First Lord. Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly served you; and beseech you
So to esteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
As recompense of our dear services
Past and to come, that you do change this purpose,

Which being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: we all kneel.

Leon. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But be it; let it live.
It shall not neither. You, sir, come you hither;
You that have been so tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your midwife there,
To save this bastard's life,—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard 's grey,—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least thus much:
I 'll pawn the little blood which I have left
To save the innocent: any thing possible.

Leon. It shall be possible. Swear by this sword
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my lord.

Leon. Mark and perform it: seest thou? for the fail
Of any point in 't shall not only be
Death to thyself but to thy lewd-tongued wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence, and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to it own protection
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee,
On thy soul's peril and thy body's torture,

That thou commend it strangely to some place
Where chance may nurse or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I swear to do this, though a present death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! And blessing
Against this cruelty fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*

Leon. No, I 'll not rear
Another's issue.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Please your highness, posts
From those you sent to the oracle are come
An hour since: Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arrived from Delphos, are both landed,
Hasting to the court.

First Lord. So please you, sir, their speed
Hath been beyond account.

Leon. Twenty three days
They have been absent: 'tis good speed; foretells
The great Apollo suddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, lords;
Summon a session, that we may arraign
Our most disloyal lady; for, as she hath
Been publicly accused, so shall she have
A just and open trial. While she lives
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

A seaport in Sicilia.

Enter Cleomenes and Dion.

Cleo. The climate 's delicate, the air most sweet,
Fertile the isle, the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
Dion. I shall report,
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
Methinks I so should term them, and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn and unearthly
It was i' the offering.
Cleo. But of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.
Dion. If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O be 't so!—
As it hath been to us rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
Cleo. Great Apollo
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear or end the business: when the oracle,
Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,
Shall the contents discover, something rare
Even then will rush to knowledge. Go: fresh horses!
And gracious be the issue. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

A court of Justice.

Enter Leontes, Lords, and Officers.

Leon. This sessions, to our great grief we pronounce,
Even pushes 'gainst our heart: the party tried
The daughter of a king, our wife, and one
Of us too much beloved. Let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, since we so openly
Proceed in justice, which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt or the purgation.
Produce the prisoner.

Off. It is his highness' pleasure that the queen
Appear in person here in court. Silence!

Enter Hermione, guarded; Paulina and Ladies attending.

Leon. Read the indictment.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione, queen to the worthy Leontes, king of Sicilia, thou art here accused and arraigned of high treason, in committing adultery with Polixenes, king of Bohemia, and conspiring with Camillo to take away the life of our sovereign lord the king, thy royal husband: the pretence whereof being by circumstances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true subject, didst counsel and aid them, for their better safety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to say must be but that
Which contradicts my accusation, and
The testimony on my part no other
But what comes from myself, it shall scarce boot me
To say 'not guilty': mine integrity,

Being counted falsehood, shall, as I express it,
Be so received. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then but innocence shall make
False accusation blush, and tyranny
Tremble at patience. You, my lord, best know,
Who least will seem to do so, my past life
Hath been as continent, as chaste, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than history can pattern, though devised
And play'd to take spectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great king's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful prince, here standing
To prate and talk for life and honour 'fore
Who please to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I stand for. I appeal
To your own conscience, sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be so; since he came,
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd, to appear thus: if one jot beyond
The bound of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, harden'd be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'st of kin
Cry fie upon my grave!

Leon. I ne'er heard yet
That any of these bolder vices wanted
Less impudence to gainsay what they did
Than to perform it first.

Her. That 's true enough;
Though 'tis a saying, sir, not due to me.

Leon. You will not own it.

Her. More than mistress of
Which comes to me in name of fault, I must not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accused, I do confess
I loved him as in honour he required,
With such a kind of love as might become
A lady like me, with a love even such,
So and no other, as yourself commanded:
Which not to have done I think had been in me
Both disobedience and ingratitude
To you and toward your friend; whose love had spoke,
Even since it could speak, from an infant, freely
That it was yours. Now, for conspiracy,
I know not how it tastes; though it be dish'd
For me to try how: all I know of it
Is that Camillo was an honest man;
And why he left your court, the gods themselves,
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leon. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in 's absence.

Her. Sir,
You speak a language that I understand not:
My life stands in the level of your dreams,
Which I 'll lay down.

Leon. Your actions are my dreams;
You had a bastard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it. As you were past all shame,—
Those of your fact are so,—so past all truth:

Which to deny concerns more than avails; for as
Thy brat hath been cast out, like to itself,
No father owning it,—which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,—so thou
Shalt feel our justice, in whose easiest passage
Look for no less than death.

Her. Sir, spare your threats:
The bug which you would fright me with I seek.
To me can life be no commodity:
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give lost; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My second joy
And first-fruits of my body, from his presence
I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort,
Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast,
The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth,
Haled out to murder: myself on every post
Proclaim'd a strumpet: with immodest hatred
The child-bed privilege denied, which 'longs
To women of all fashion; lastly, hurried
Here to this place, i' the open air, before
I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege,
Tell me what blessings I have here alive,
That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed.
But yet hear this; mistake me not; no life,
I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd
Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else
But what your jealousies awake, I tell you
'Tis rigour and not law. Your honours all,
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge!

First Lord. This your request
Is altogether just: therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.
[*Exeunt certain Officers.*

Her. The Emperor of Russia was my father:
O that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial! that he did but see
The flatness of my misery, yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Re-enter Officers, with Cleomenes and Dion.

Off. You here shall swear upon this sword of justice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This seal'd-up oracle, by the hand deliver'd
Of great Apollo's priest, and that since then
You have not dared to break the holy seal
Nor read the secrets in 't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we swear.

Leon. Break up the seals and read.

Off. [*Reads*] Hermione is chaste; Polixenes blameless; Camillo a true subject; Leontes a jealous tyrant; his innocent babe truly begotten; and the king shall live without an heir, if that which is lost be not found.

Lords. Now blessed be the great Apollo!

Her. Praised!

Leon. Hast thou read truth?

Off. Ay, my lord; even so
As it is here set down.

Leon. There is no truth at all i' the oracle:
The sessions shall proceed: this is mere falsehood.

Enter Servant.

Serv. My lord the king, the king!

Leon. What is the business?

Serv. O sir, I shall be hated to report it!
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's speed, is gone.

Leon. How! gone!

Serv. Is dead.

Leon. Apollo 's angry; and the heavens themselves
Do strike at my injustice. [*Hermione faints.*]
How now there!

Paul. This news is mortal to the queen: look down
And see what death is doing.

Leon. Take her hence:
Her heart is but o'ercharged; she will recover:
I have too much believed mine own suspicion:
Beseech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life.
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*
Apollo, pardon
My great profaneness 'gainst thine oracle!
I 'll reconcile me to Polixenes;
New woo my queen; recall the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy;
For, being transported by my jealousies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I chose
Camillo for the minister to poison
My friend Polixenes: which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My swift command, though I with death and with
Reward did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it and being done: he, most humane

And fill'd with honour, to my kingly guest
Unclasp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,
Which you knew great, and to the hazard
Of all incertainties himself commended,
No richer than his honour: how he glisters
Thorough my rust! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

Re-enter Paulina.

Paul. Woe the while!
O, cut my lace, lest my heart, cracking it,
Break too!

First Lord. What fit is this, good lady?

Paul. What studied torments, tyrant, hast for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Must I receive, whose every word deserves
To taste of thy most worst? Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealousies,
Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine, O, think what they have done
And then run mad indeed, stark mad! for all
Thy by-gone fooleries were but spices of it.
That thou betray'dst Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but show thee, of a fool, inconstant
And damnable ingrateful: nor was 't much,
Thou wouldst have poison'd good Camillo's honour
To have him kill a king; poor trespasses,
More monstrous standing by: whereof I reckon
The casting forth to crows thy baby-daughter
To be or none or little; though a devil
Would have shed water out of fire ere done 't:

Nor is 't directly laid to thee, the death
Of the young prince, whose honourable thoughts,
Thoughts high for one so tender, cleft the heart
That could conceive a gross and foolish sire
Blemish'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy answer: but the last,—O lords,
When I have said, cry 'woe!'—the queen, the queen,
The sweet'st, dear'st creature 's dead, and vengeance for 't
Not dropp'd down yet.

First Lord. The higher powers forbid!

Paul. I say she 's dead, I 'll swear 't. If word nor oath
Prevail not, go and see; if you can bring
Tincture or lustre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly or breath within, I 'll serve you
As I would do the gods. But, O thou tyrant!
Do not repent these things, for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir: therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter
In storm perpetual, could not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

Leon. Go on, go on:
Thou canst not speak too much; I have deserved
All tongues to talk their bitterest.

First Lord. Say no more:
Howe'er the business goes, you have made fault
I' the boldness of your speech.

Paul. I am sorry for 't:
All faults I make, when I shall come to know them,
I do repent. Alas! I show'd too much

The rashness of a woman: he is touch'd
To the noble heart. What 's gone and what 's past help
Should be past grief: do not receive affliction
At my petition; I beseech you, rather
Let me be punish'd, that have minded you
Of what you should forget. Now, good my liege,
Sir, royal sir, forgive a foolish woman:
The love I bore your queen, lo, fool again!
I 'll speak of her no more, nor of your children;
I 'll not remember you of my own lord,
Who is lost too: take your patience to you,
And I 'll say nothing.

Leon. Thou didst speak but well
When most the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Prithee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my queen and son:
One grave shall be for both; upon them shall
The causes of their death appear, unto
Our shame perpetual. Once a day I 'll visit
The chapel where they lie, and tears shed there
Shall be my recreation: so long as nature
Will bear up with this exercise, so long
I daily vow to use it. Come and lead me
To these sorrows. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Bohemia. A desert country near the sea.

Enter Antigonus with a Child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect, then, our ship hath touch'd upon
The deserts of Bohemia?

Mar. Ay, my lord; and fear

We have landed in ill time: the skies look grimly
And threaten present blusters. In my conscience,
The heavens with that we have in hand are angry
And frown upon 's.

Ant. Their sacred wills be done! Go, get aboard;
Look to thy bark: I 'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your best haste, and go not
Too far i' the land: 'tis like to be loud weather;
Besides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon 't.

Ant. Go thou away:
I 'll follow instantly.

Mar. I am glad at heart
To be so rid o' the business. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe:
I have heard, but not believed, the spirits o' the dead
May walk again: if such thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me last night, for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,
So fill'd and so becoming: in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes
Became two spouts: the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in Bohemia,

There weep and leave it crying; and, for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, Perdita,
I prithee, call 't. For this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife Paulina more.' And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Affrighted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber. Dreams are toys:
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squared by this. I do believe
Hermione hath suffer'd death; and that
Apollo would, this being indeed the issue
Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid,
Either for life or death, upon the earth
Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!
There lie, and there thy character: there these;
Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,
And still rest thine. The storm begins: poor wretch,
That for thy mother's fault are thus exposed
To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,
But my heart bleeds; and most accursed am I
To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!
The day frowns more and more: thou 'rt like to have
A lullaby too rough: I never saw
The heavens so dim by day. A savage clamour!
Well may I get aboard! This is the chase:
I am gone for ever. [*Exit, pursued by a bear.*

Enter a Shepherd.

Shep. I would there were no age between ten and three-and-twenty, or that youth would sleep out

the rest; for there is nothing in the between but getting wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing, fighting—Hark you now! Would any but these boiled brains of nineteen and two-and-twenty hunt this weather? They have scared away two of my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find than the master: if any where I have them, 'tis by the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an 't be thy will! what have we here? Mercy on 's, a barne; very pretty barne! A boy or a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one: sure, some scape: though I am not bookish, yet I can read waiting-gentlewoman in the scape. This has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some behind-door-work: they were warmer that got this than the poor thing is here. I 'll take it up for pity: yet I 'll tarry till my son come; he hallooed but even now. Whoa, ho, hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, art so near? If thou 'lt see a thing to talk on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. What ailest thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land! but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky: betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that 's not

to the point. O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em; now the ship boring the moon with her main-mast, and anon swallowed with yest and froth, as you 'ld thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land-service, to see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman. But to make an end of the ship, to see how the sea flap-dragoned it: but, first, how the poor souls roared, and the sea mocked them; and how the poor gentleman roared and the bear mocked him, both roaring louder than the sea or weather.

Shep. Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now: I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman: he 's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her: there your charity would have lacked footing.

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou mettest with things dying, I with things new-born. Here 's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a squire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open 't. So, let 's see: it was told me I should be rich by the fairies. This is some changeling: open 't. What 's within, boy?

Clo. You 're a made old man: if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you 're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with 't, keep it close: home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still requires nothing but secrecy. Let my sheep go; come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings. I 'll go see if the bear be gone from the gentleman and how much he hath eaten: they are never curst but when they are hungry: if there be any of him left, I 'll bury it.

Shep. That 's a good deed. If thou mayest discern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to the sight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you shall help to put him i' the ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we 'll do good deeds on 't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Enter Time, the Chorus.

Time. I, that please some, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that makes and unfolds error,
Now take upon me, in the name of Time,
To use my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me or my swift passage, that I slide

O'er sixteen years and leave the growth untried
Of that wide gap, since it is in my power
To o'erthrow law and in one self-born hour
To plant and o'erwhelm custom. Let me pass
The same I am, ere ancient'st order was
Or what is now received: I witness to
The times that brought them in; so shall I do
To the freshest things now reigning, and make stale
The glistering of this present, as my tale
Now seems to it. Your patience this allowing,
I turn my glass and give my scene such growing
As you had slept between: Leontes leaving,
The effects of his fond jealousies so grieving
That he shuts up himself, imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia; and remember well,
I mentioned a son o' the king's, which Florizel
I now name to you; and with speed so pace
To speak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wondering: what of her ensues
I list not prophesy; but let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A shepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is the argument of Time. Of this allow,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now;
If never, yet that Time himself doth say
He wishes earnestly you never may. [*Exit.*

Scene II.

Bohemia. The palace of Polixenes.

Enter Polixenes and Camillo.

Pol. I pray thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate: 'tis a sickness denying thee any thing; a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years since I saw my country: though I have for the most part been aired abroad, I desire to lay my bones there. Besides, the penitent king, my master, hath sent for me; to whose feeling sorrows I might be some allay, or I o'erween to think so, which is another spur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lovest me, Camillo, wipe not out the rest of thy services by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodness hath made; better not to have had thee than thus to want thee: thou, having made me businesses, which none without thee can sufficiently manage, must either stay to execute them thyself, or take away with thee the very services thou hast done; which if I have not enough considered, as too much I cannot, to be more thankful to thee shall be my study; and my profit therein, the heaping friendships. Of that fatal country, Sicilia, prithee speak no more; whose very naming punishes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou callest him, and reconciled king, my brother; whose loss of his most precious queen and children are even now to be afresh lamented. Say to me, when sawest thou the Prince Florizel,

my son? Kings are no less unhappy, their issue not being gracious, than they are in losing them when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days since I saw the prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have missingly noted, he is of late much retired from court and is less frequent to his princely exercises than formerly he hath appeared.

Pol. I have considered so much, Camillo, and with some care; so far, that I have eyes under my service which look upon his removedness; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is seldom from the house of a most homely shepherd; a man, they say, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours, is grown into an unspeakable estate.

Cam. I have heard, sir, of such a man, who hath a daughter of most rare note: the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from such a cottage.

Pol. That 's likewise part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our son thither. Thou shalt accompany us to the place; where we will, not appearing what we are, have some question with the shepherd; from whose simplicity I think it not uneasy to get the cause of my son's resort thither. Prithee, be my present partner in this business, and lay aside the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My best Camillo! We must disguise ourselves.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A road near the Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes in the sweet o' the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

The white sheet bleaching on the hedge,
With heigh! the sweet birds, O, how they sing!
Doth set my pugging tooth on edge;
For a quart of ale is a dish for a king.

The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With heigh! with heigh! the thrush and the jay,
Are summer songs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have served Prince Florizel and in my time wore three-pile; but now I am out of service:

But shall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon shines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do most go right.

If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the sow-skin budget,
Then my account I well may give,
And in the stocks avouch it.

My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to lesser linen. My father named me Autolycus;

who being, as I am, littered under Mercury, was likewise a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles. With die and drab I purchased this caparison, and my revenue is the silly cheat. Gallows and knock are too powerful on the highway: beating and hanging are terrors to me: for the life to come, I sleep out the thought of it. A prize! a prize!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Let me see: every 'leven wether tods; every tod yields pound and odd shilling; fifteen hundred shorn, what comes the wool to?

Aut. [*Aside*] If the springe hold, the cock 's mine.

Clo. I cannot do 't without counters. Let me see; what am I to buy for our sheep-shearing feast? Three pound of sugar; five pound of currants; rice—what will this sister of mine do with rice? But my father hath made her mistress of the feast, and she lays it on. She hath made me four and twenty nosegays for the shearers, three-man song-men all, and very good ones; but they are most of them means and bases; but one puritan amongst them, and he sings psalms to hornpipes. I must have saffron to colour the warden pies; mace; dates, none, that 's out of my note; nutmegs, seven; a race or two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound of prunes, and as many of raisins o' the sun.

Aut. O that ever I was born. [*Grovelling on the ground.*

Clo. I' the name of me—

Aut. O, help me, help me! pluck but off these rags; and then, death, death!

Clo. Alack, poor soul! thou hast need of more rags to lay on thee, rather than have these off.

Aut. O sir, the loathsomeness of them offends me more than the stripes I have received, which are mighty ones and millions.

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robbed, sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and these detestable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horseman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, sweet sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he should be a footman by the garments he has left with thee: if this be a horseman's coat, it hath seen very hot service. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee: come, lend me thy hand. [*Helping him up.*

Aut. O, good sir, tenderly, O!

Clo. Alas, poor soul!

Aut. O, good sir, softly, good sir! I fear, sir, my shoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now! canst stand?

Aut. Softly, dear sir [*picks his pocket*]; good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Dost lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good sweet sir: no, I beseech you, sir: I have a kinsman not past three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going; I shall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robbed you?

Aut. A fellow, sir, that I have known to go about with troll-my-dames: I knew him once a servant of the prince: I cannot tell, good sir, for which of his virtues it was, but he was certainly whipped out of the court.

Clo. His vices, you would say; there's no virtue whipped out of the court: they cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no more but abide.

Aut. Vices I would say, sir. I know this man well: he hath been since an ape-bearer; then a process-server, a bailiff; then he compassed a motion of the Prodigal Son, and married a tinker's wife within a mile where my land and living lies; and, having flown over many knavish professions, he settled only in rogue: some call him Autolycus.

Clo. Out upon him! prig, for my life, prig: he haunts wakes, fairs and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, sir; he, sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bohemia: if you had but looked big and spit at him, he'ld have run.

Aut. I must confess to you, sir, I am no fighter: I am false of heart that way; and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet sir, much better than I was; I can stand and walk: I will even take my leave of you, and pace softly towards my kinsman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on the way?

Aut. No, good-faced sir; no, sweet sir.

Clo. Then fare thee well: I must go buy spices for our sheep-shearing.

Aut. Prosper you, sweet sir! [*Exit Clown.*] Your purse is not hot enough to purchase your spice. I 'll be with you at your sheep-shearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another and the shearers prove sheep, let me be unrolled and my name put in the book of virtue!

Song. Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

The Shepherd's cottage.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. These your unusual weeds to each part of you
Do give a life: no shepherdess, but Flora
Peering in April's front. This your sheep-shearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the queen on 't.

Per. Sir, my gracious lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
O, pardon, that I name them! Your high self,
The gracious mark o' the land, you have obscured
With a swain's wearing, and me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like prank'd up: but that our feasts
In every mess have folly and the feeders
Digest it with a custom, I should blush

To see you so attired, swoon, I think,
To show myself a glass.

Flo. I bless the time
When my good falcon made her flight across
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now Jove afford you cause!
To me the difference forges dread; your greatness
Hath not been used to fear. Even now I tremble
To think your father, by some accident,
Should pass this way as you did: O, the Fates!
How would he look, to see his work, so noble,
Vilely bound up? What would he say? Or how
Should I, in these my borrow'd flaunts, behold
The sternness of his presence?

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity. The gods themselves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The shapes of beasts upon them: Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-robed god,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble swain,
As I seem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way so chaste, since my desires
Run not before mine honour, nor my lusts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O, but, sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Opposed, as it must be, by the power of the king:
One of these two must be necessities,
Which then will speak, that you must change this purpose,

Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forced thoughts, I prithee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast. Or I 'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am most constant,
Though destiny say no. Be merry, gentle;
Strangle such thoughts as these with any thing
That you behold the while. Your guests are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as it were the day
Of celebration of that nuptial which
We two have sworn shall come.

Per. O lady Fortune,
Stand you auspicious!

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let 's be red with mirth.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, and others, with Polixenes and Camillo disguised.

Shep. Fie, daughter! when my old wife lived, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook,
Both dame and servant; welcomed all, served all;
Would sing her song and dance her turn; now here,
At upper end o' the table, now i' the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o' fire
With labour and the thing she took to quench it,
She would to each one sip. You are retired,
As if you were a feasted one and not
The hostess of the meeting: pray you, bid
These unknown friends to 's welcome; for it is

A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o' the feast: come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.

Per. [*To Pol.*] Sir, welcome:
It is my father's will I should take on me
The hostess-ship o' the day. [*To Cam.*] You're welcome, sir.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas. Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!

Pol. Shepherdess,
A fair one are you, well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.

Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter, the fairest flowers o' the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gillyvors,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?

Per. For I have heard it said
There is an art which in their piedness shares
With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be;
Yet nature is made better by no mean,
But nature makes that mean: so, over that art

Which you say adds to nature, is an art
That nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scion to the wildest stock,
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By bud of nobler race: this is an art
Which does mend nature, change it rather, but
The art itself is nature.

Per. So it is.

Pol. Then make your garden rich in gillyvors,
And do not call them bastards.

Per. I 'll not put
The dibble in earth to set one slip of them;
No more than were I painted I would wish
This youth should say 'twere well, and only therefore
Desire to breed by me. Here 's flowers for you;
Hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram;
The marigold, that goes to bed wi' the sun
And with him rises weeping; these are flowers
Of middle summer, and I think they are given
To men of middle age. You 're very welcome.

Cam. I should leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.

Per. Out, alas!
You 'ld be so lean, that blasts of January
Would blow you through and through. Now, my fair'st friend,
I would I had some flowers o' the spring that might
Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
That wear upon your virgin branches yet
Your maidenheads growing: O Proserpina,
For the flowers now, that frighted thou let'st fall
From Dis's waggon! daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength, a malady
Most incident to maids; bold oxlips and
The crown imperial; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of; and my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er!

Flo. What, like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank for love to lie and play on;
Not like a corse; or if, not to be buried,
But quick and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers:
Methinks I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun pastorals: sure this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I 'ld have you do it ever: when you sing,
I 'ld have you buy and sell so, so give alms,
Pray so; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too: when you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so,
And own no other function: each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Per. O Doricles,

Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood which peeps fairly through 't,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd,
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Flo. I think you have
As little skill to fear as I have purpose
To put you to 't. But come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I 'll swear for 'em.

Pol. This is the prettiest low-born lass that ever
Ran on the green-sward: nothing she does or seems
But smacks of something greater than herself,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her something
That makes her blood look out: good sooth, she is
The queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, strike up!

Dor. Mopsa must be your mistress: marry, garlic,
To mend her kissing with!

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word, we stand upon our manners.
Come, strike up!

[*Music. Here a dance of Shepherds and Shepherdesses.*

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what fair swain is this
Which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report and I believe it;
He looks like sooth. He says he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gazed the moon

Upon the water, as he 'll stand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiss to choose
Who loves another best.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep. So she does any thing; though I report it,
That should be silent: if young Doricles
Do light upon her, she shall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

Enter Servant.

Serv. O master, if you did but hear the pedlar at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe; no, the bagpipe could not move you: he sings several tunes faster than you 'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads and all men's ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better; he shall come in. I love a ballad but even too well, if it be doleful matter merrily set down, or a very pleasant thing indeed and sung lamentably.

Serv. He hath songs for man or woman, of all sizes; no milliner can so fit his customers with gloves: he has the prettiest love-songs for maids; so without bawdry, which is strange; with such delicate burthens of dildos and fadings, 'jump her and thump her;' and where some stretch-mouthed rascal would, as it were, mean mischief and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to answer 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man'; puts him off, slights him, with 'Whoop, do me no harm, good man.'

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkest of an admirable conceited fellow. Has he any unbraided wares?

Serv. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' the rainbow; points more than all the lawyers in Bohemia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the gross: inkles, caddisses, cambrics, lawns: why, he sings 'em over as they were gods or goddesses; you would think a smock were a she-angel, he so chants to the sleeve-hand and the work about the square on 't.

Clo. Pritheebringhimin;andlethimapproachsinging.

Per. Forewarn him that he use no scurrilous words in 's tunes. [*Exit Servant.*

Clo. You have of these pedlars, that have more in them than you 'ld think, sister.

Per. Ay, good brother, or go about to think.

Enter Autolycus, singing.

Lawn as white as driven snow;
Cypress black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as sweet as damask roses;
Masks for faces and for noses;
Bugle bracelet, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber;
Golden quoifs and stomachers,
For my lads to give their dears;
Pins and poking-sticks of steel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come; come buy, come buy;
Buy, lads, or else your lasses cry:
Come buy.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopsa, thou shouldst take no money of me; but being enthralled as I am, it will also be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promised them against the feast; but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promised you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promised you: may be, he has paid you more, which will shame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they should bear their faces? Is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kiln-hole, to whistle off these secrets, but you must be tittle-tattling before all our guests? 'tis well they are whispering: clamour your tongues, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done. Come, you promised me a tawdry-lace and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clo. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way and lost all my money?

Aut. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clo. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Aut. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clo. What hast here? ballads?

Mop. Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print o' life, for then we are sure they are true.

Aut. Here 's one to a very doleful tune, how a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty

money-bags at a burthen, and how she longed to eat adders' heads and toads carbonadoed.

Mop. Is it true, think you?

Aut. Very true, and but a month old.

Dor. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Aut. Here 's the midwife's name to 't, one Mistress Tale-porter, and five or six honest wives that were present. Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mop. Pray you now, buy it.

Clo. Come on, lay it by; and let 's first see moe ballads; we 'll buy the other things anon.

Aut. Here 's another ballad of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids: it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: the ballad is very pitiful and as true.

Dor. Is it true too, think you?

Aut. Five justices' hands at it, and witnesses more than my pack will hold.

Clo. Lay it by too: another.

Aut. This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

Mop. Let 's have some merry ones.

Aut. Why, this is a passing merry one and goes to the tune of 'Two maids wooing a man:' there 's scarce a maid westward but she sings it; 'tis in request, I can tell you.

Mop. We can both sing it: if thou 'lt bear a part, thou shalt hear; 'tis in three parts.

Dor. We had the tune on 't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you must know 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

SONG.

A. Get you hence, for I must go
Where it fits not you to know.
D. Whither? *M.* O, whither? *D.* Whither?
M. It becomes thy oath full well,
Thou to me thy secrets tell:
D. Me too, let me go thither.

M. Or thou goest to the grange or mill:
D. If to either, thou dost ill.
A. Neither. *D.* What, neither? *A.* Neither.
D. Thou hast sworn my love to be;
M. Thou hast sworn it more to me:
Then whither goest? say, whither?

Clo. We 'll have this song out anon by ourselves: my father and the gentlemen are in sad talk, and we 'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I 'll buy for you both. Pedlar, let 's have the first choice. Follow me, girls. [*Exit with Dorcas and Mopsa.*

Aut. And you shall pay well for 'em. [*Follows singing.*

Will you buy any tape,
Or lace for your cape,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
Any silk, any thread,
Any toys for your head,
Of the new'st, and finest, finest wear-a?

Come to the pedlar;
Money 's a medler,
That doth utter all men's ware-a. [*Exit.*

Re-enter Servant.

Serv. Master, there is three carters, three shepherds, three neat-herds, three swine-herds, that have made themselves all men of hair, they call themselves Saltiers, and they have a dance which the wenches say is a gallimaufry of gambols, because they are not in 't; but they themselves are o' the mind, if it be not too rough for some that know little but bowling, it will please plentifully.

Shep. Away! we 'll none on 't: here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary those that refresh us: pray, let 's see these four threes of herdsmen.

Serv. One three of them, by their own report, sir, hath danced before the king; and not the worst of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by the squier.

Shep. Leave your prating: since these good men are pleased, let them come in; but quickly now.

Serv. Why, they stay at door, sir. [*Exit.*

Here a dance of twelve Satyrs.

Pol. O, father, you 'll know more of that hereafter,
[*To Cam.*] Is it not too far gone? 'Tis time to part them.

He 's simple and tells much. How now, fair shepherd!
Your heart is full of something that does take
Your mind from feasting. Sooth, when I was young
And handed love as you do, I was wont
To load my she with knacks: I would have ransack'd
The pedlar's silken treasury and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go
And nothing marted with him. If your lass
Interpretation should abuse and call this
Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
For a reply, at least if you make a care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old sir, I know
She prizes not such trifles as these are:
The gifts she looks from me are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart; which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my life
Before this ancient sir, who, it should seem,
Hath sometime loved! I take thy hand, this hand,
As soft as dove's down and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow that 's bolted
By the northern blasts twice o'er.

Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young swain seems to wash
The hand was fair before! I have put you out:
But to your protestation; let me hear
What you profess.

Flo. Do, and be witness to 't.

Pol. And this my neighbour too?

Flo. And he, and more

Than he, and men, the earth, the heavens, and all:
That, were I crown'd the most imperial monarch,
Thereof most worthy, were I the fairest youth
That ever made eye swerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them and condemn them to her service
Or to their own perdition.

Pol. Fairly offer'd.

Cam. This shows a sound affection.

Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?

Per. I cannot speak
So well, nothing so well; no, nor mean better:
By the pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.

Shep. Take hands, a bargain!
And, friends unknown, you shall bear witness to 't:
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.

Flo. O, that must be
I' the virtue of your daughter: one being dead,
I shall have more than you can dream of yet;
Enough then for your wonder. But, come on,
Contract us 'fore these witnesses.

Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.

Pol. Soft, swain, awhile, beseech you;
Have you a father?

Flo. I have: but what of him?

Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does nor shall.

Pol. Methinks a father
Is at the nuptial of his son a guest
That best becomes the table. Pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reasonable affairs? is he not stupid
With age and altering rheums? can he speak? hear?
Know man from man? dispute his own estate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and again does nothing
But what he did being childish?

Flo. No, good sir;
He has his health and ampler strength indeed
Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
Something unfilial: reason my son
Should choose himself a wife, but as good reason
The father, all whose joy is nothing else
But fair posterity, should hold some counsel
In such a business.

Flo. I yield all this;
But for some other reasons, my grave sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this business.

Pol. Let him know 't.

Flo. He shall not.

Pol. Prithee, let him.

Flo. No, he must not.

Shep. Let him, my son: he shall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.

Flo. Come, come, he must not.
Mark our contract.

Pol. Mark your divorce, young sir,
[*Discovering himself.*
Whom son I dare not call; thou art too base
To be acknowledged: thou a sceptre's heir,
That thus affects a sheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I am sorry that by hanging thee I can
But shorten thy life one week. And thou, fresh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force must know
The royal fool thou copest with,—

Shep. O, my heart!

Pol. I 'll have thy beauty scratch'd with briers, and made
More homely than thy state. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou dost but sigh
That thou no more shalt see this knack, as never
I mean thou shalt, we 'll bar thee from succession;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Farre than Deucalion off: mark thou my words:
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Though full of our displeasure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it. And you, enchantment,—
Worthy enough a herdsman; yea, him too,
That makes himself, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee,—if ever henceforth thou
These rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will devise a death as cruel for thee
As thou art tender to 't. [*Exit.*

Per. Even here undone!
I was not much afeard; for once or twice
I was about to speak and tell him plainly,
The selfsame sun that shines upon his court
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

Looks on alike. Will 't please you, sir, begone?
I told you what would come of this: beseech you,
Of your own state take care: this dream of mine,—
Being now awake, I 'll queen it no inch farther,
But milk my ewes and weep.

Cam. Why, how now, father!
Speak ere thou diest.

Shep. I cannot speak, nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O sir!
You have undone a man of fourscore three,
That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
To die upon the bed my father died,
To lie close by his honest bones: but now
Some hangman must put on my shroud and lay me
Where no priest shovels in dust. O cursed wretch,
That knew'st this was the prince, and wouldst adventure
To mingle faith with him! Undone! undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have lived
To die when I desire. [*Exit.*

Flo. Why look you so upon me?
I am but sorry, not afeard; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More straining on for plucking back, not following
My leash unwillingly.

Cam. Gracious my lord,
You know your father's temper: at this time
He will allow no speech, which I do guess
You do not purpose to him; and as hardly
Will he endure your sight as yet, I fear:
Then, till the fury of his highness settle,
Come not before him.

Flo. I not purpose it.
I think, Camillo?

Cam. Even he, my lord.

Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus!
How often said, my dignity would last
But till 'twere known!

Flo. It cannot fail but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature crush the sides o' the earth together
And mar the seeds within! Lift up thy looks:
From my succession wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.

Cam. Be advised.

Flo. I am, and by my fancy: if my reason
Will thereto be obedient, I have reason;
If not, my senses, better pleased with madness,
Do bid it welcome.

Cam. This is desperate, sir.

Flo. So call it: but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs must think it honesty. Camillo,
Not for Bohemia, nor the pomp that may
Be thereat glean'd; for all the sun sees, or
The close earth wombs, or the profound seas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair beloved: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's honour'd friend,
When he shall miss me,—as, in faith, I mean not
To see him any more,—cast your good counsels
Upon his passion: let myself and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know
And so deliver, I am put to sea
With her whom here I cannot hold on shore;

And most opportune to our need I have
A vessel rides fast by, but not prepared
For this design. What course I mean to hold
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my lord!
I would your spirit were easier for advice,
Or stronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita. [*Drawing her aside.*
I 'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He 's irremoveable,
Resolved for flight. Now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to serve my turn,
Save him from danger, do him love and honour,
Purchase the sight again of dear Sicilia
And that unhappy king, my master, whom
I so much thirst to see.

Flo. Now, good Camillo;
I am so fraught with curious business that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor services, i' the love
That I have borne your father?

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deserved: it is my father's music
To speak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompensed as thought on.

Cam. Well, my lord,
If you may please to think I love the king,
And through him what is nearest to him, which is
Your gracious self, embrace but my direction,
If your more ponderous and settled project

May suffer alteration, on mine honour
I 'll point you where you shall have such receiving
As shall become your highness; where you may
Enjoy your mistress, from the whom, I see,
There 's no disjunction to be made, but by
As heavens forfend! your ruin; marry her,
And, with my best endeavours in your absence,
Your discontenting father strive to qualify
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almost a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee something more than man
And after that trust to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you 'll go?

Flo. Not any yet:
But as the unthought-on accident is guilty
To what we wildly do, so we profess
Ourselves to be the slaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then list to me:
This follows, if you will not change your purpose
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia,
And there present yourself and your fair princess,
For so I see she must be, 'fore Leontes:
She shall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I see
Leontes opening his free arms and weeping
His welcomes forth; asks thee the son forgiveness,
As 'twere i' the father's person; kisses the hands
Of your fresh princess; o'er and o'er divides him
'Twixt his unkindness and his kindness; the one

He chides to hell and bids the other grow
Faster than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my visitation shall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the king your father
To greet him and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you as from your father shall deliver,
Things known betwixt us three, I 'll write you down:
The which shall point you forth at every sitting
What you must say; that he shall not perceive
But that you have your father's bosom there
And speak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is some sap in this.

Cam. A course more promising
Than a wild dedication of yourselves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd shores, most certain
To miseries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you shake off one to take another:
Nothing so certain as your anchors, who
Do their best office, if they can but stay you
Where you 'll be loath to be: besides you know
Prosperity 's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of these is true:
I think affliction may subdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, say you so?
There shall not at your father's house these seven
years

Be born another such.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding as
She is i' the rear o' her birth.

Cam. I cannot say 'tis pity
She lacks instructions, for she seems a mistress
To most that teach.

Per. Your pardon, sir; for this
I 'll blush you thanks.

Flo. My prettiest Perdita!
But O, the thorns we stand upon! Camillo,
Preserver of my father, now of me,
The medicine of our house, how shall we do?
We are not furnish'd like Bohemia's son,
Nor shall appear in Sicilia.

Cam. My lord,
Fear none of this: I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it shall be so my care
To have you royally appointed as if
The scene you play were mine. For instance, sir,
That you may know you shall not want, one word.
[*They talk aside.*

Re-enter Autolycus.

Aut. Ha, ha! what a fool Honesty is! and Trust, his sworn brother, a very simple gentleman! I have sold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit stone, not a ribbon, glass, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, shoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring, to keep my pack from fasting: they throng who should buy first, as if my trinkets had been hallowed and brought a benediction to the buyer: by which means I saw

whose purse was best in picture; and what I saw, to my good use I remembered. My clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man, grew so in love with the wenches' song, that he would not stir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which so drew the rest of the herd to me, that all their other senses stuck in ears: you might have pinched a placket, it was senseless; 'twas nothing to geld a codpiece of a purse; I would have filed keys off that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my sir's song, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy I picked and cut most of their festival purses; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub against his daughter and the king's son and scared my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purse alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Florizel, and Perdita come forward.*

Cam. Nay, but my letters, by this means being there
So soon as you arrive, shall clear that doubt.

Flo. And those that you 'll procure from King Leontes—

Cam. Shall satisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you speak shows fair.

Cam. Who have we here?

[*Seeing Autolycus.*

We 'll make an instrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now, why, hanging.

Cam. How now, good fellow! why shakest thou so?
Fear not, man: here 's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir.

Cam. Why, be so still; here 's nobody will steal that from thee: yet for the outside of thy poverty we must make an exchange; therefore discase thee instantly,—thou must think there 's a necessity in 't,—and change garments with this gentleman: though the pennyworth on his side be the worst, yet hold thee, there 's some boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, sir. [*Aside*] I know ye well enough.

Cam. Nay, prithee, dispatch: the gentleman is half flayed already.

Aut. Are you in earnest, sir? [*Aside*] I smell the trick on 't.

Flo. Dispatch, I prithee.

Aut. Indeed, I have had earnest; but I cannot with conscience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.

[*Florizel and Autolycus exchange garments.*

Fortunate mistress,—let my prophecy
Come home to ye! you must retire yourself
Into some covert: take your sweetheart's hat
And pluck it o'er your brows, muffle your face,
Dismantle you, and, as you can, disliken
The truth of your own seeming; that you may—
For I do fear eyes over—to shipboard
Get undescried.

Per. I see the play so lies
That I must bear a part.

Cam. No remedy.
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,

He would not call me son.

Cam. Nay, you shall have no hat.
[*Giving it to Perdita.*

Come, lady, come. Farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot!
Pray you, a word.

Cam. [*Aside*] What I do next, shall be to tell the king
Of this escape and whither they are bound;
Wherein my hope is I shall so prevail
To force him after: in whose company
I shall review Sicilia, for whose sight
I have a woman's longing.

Flo. Fortune speed us!
Thus we set on, Camillo, to the sea-side.

Cam. The swifter speed the better.
[*Exeunt Florizel, Perdita, and Camillo.*

Aut. I understand the business, I hear it: to have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is necessary for a cut-purse; a good nose is requisite also, to smell out work for the other senses. I see this is the time that the unjust man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot! What a boot is here with this exchange! Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing extempore. The prince himself is about a piece of iniquity, stealing away from his father with his clog at his heels: if I thought it were a piece of honesty to acquaint the king withal, I would not do 't: I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I constant to my profession.

Re-enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aside, aside; here is more matter for a hot brain: every lane's end, every shop, church, session, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, see; what a man you are now! There is no other way but to tell the king she 's a changeling and none of your flesh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to, then.

Clo. She being none of your flesh and blood, your flesh and blood has not offended the king; and so your flesh and blood is not to be punished by him. Show those things you found about her, those secret things, all but what she has with her: this being done, let the law go whistle: I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the king all, every word, yea, and his son's pranks too; who, I may say, is no honest man, neither to his father nor to me, to go about to make me the king's brother-in-law.

Clo. Indeed, brother-in-law was the farthest off you could have been to him and then your blood had been the dearer by I know how much an ounce.

Aut. [*Aside*] Very wisely, puppies!

Shep. Well, let us to the king: there is that in this fardel will make him scratch his beard.

Aut. [*Aside*] I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my master.

Clo. Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. [*Aside*] Though I am not naturally honest, I am so sometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement. [*Takes off his false beard.*] How now, rustics! whither are you bound?

Shep. To the palace, an it like your worship.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that fardel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your ages, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting to be known, discover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy. Let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradesmen, and they often give us soldiers the lie: but we pay them for it with stamped coin, not stabbing steel; therefore they do not give us the lie.

Clo. Your worship had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourself with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or not, I am a courtier. Seest thou not the air of the court in these enfoldings? hath not my gait in it the measure of the court? receives not thy nose court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baseness court-contempt? Thinkest thou, for that I insinuate, or toaze from thee thy business, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier cap-a-pe; and one that will either push on or pluck back thy business there: whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My business, sir, is to the king.

Aut. What advocate hast thou to him?

Shep. I know not, an 't like you.

Clo. Advocate 's the court-word for a pheasant: say you have none.

Shep. None, sir; I have no pheasant, cock nor hen.

Aut. How blessed are we that are not simple men!
Yet nature might have made me as these are,
Therefore I will not disdain.

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handsomely.

Clo. He seems to be the more noble in being fantastical: a great man, I 'll warrant; I know by the picking on 's teeth.

Aut. The fardel there? what 's i' the fardel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies such secrets in this fardel and box, which none must know but the king; and which he shall know within this hour, if I may come to the speech of him.

Aut. Age, thou hast lost thy labour.

Shep. Why, sir?

Aut. The king is not at the palace; he is gone aboard a new ship to purge melancholy and air himself: for, if thou beest capable of things serious, thou must know the king is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis said, sir; about his son, that should have married a shepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that shepherd be not in hand-fast, let him fly: the curses he shall have, the tortures he shall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monster.

Clo. Think you so, sir?

Aut. Not he alone shall suffer what wit can make heavy and vengeance bitter; but those that are germane to him, though removed fifty times, shall all come under the hangman: which though it be a great pity, yet it is necessary. An old sheep-whistling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some say he shall be stoned; but that death is too soft for him say I: draw our throne into a sheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the sharpest too easy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a son, sir, do you hear, an 't like you, sir?

Aut. He has a son who shall be flayed alive; then, 'nointed over with honey, set on the head of a wasp's nest; then stand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recovered again with aqua-vitæ or some other hot infusion; then, raw as he is, and in the hottest day prognostication proclaims, shall he be set against a brick-wall, the sun looking with a southward eye upon him, where he is to behold him with flies blown to death. But what talk we of these traitorly rascals, whose miseries are to be smiled at, their offences being so capital? Tell me for you seem to be honest plain men, what you have to the king: being something gently considered, I 'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your persons to his presence, whisper him in your behalfs; and if it be in man besides the king to effect your suits, here is man shall do it.

Clo. He seems to be of great authority: close with him, give him gold; and though authority be a

stubborn bear, yet he is oft led by the nose with gold: show the inside of your purse to the outside of his hand, and no more ado. Remember 820
'stoned,' and 'flayed alive.'

Shep. An 't please you, sir, to undertake the business for us, here is that gold I have: I 'll make it as much more and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promised?

Shep. Ay, sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this business?

Clo. In some sort, sir: but though my case be a 830
pitiful one, I hope I shall not be flayed out of it.

Aut. O, that 's the case of the shepherd's son: hang him, he 'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort! We must to the king and show our strange sights: he must know 'tis none of your daughter nor my sister; we are gone else. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does when the business is performed, and remain, as he says, your pawn till it be brought you. 840

Aut. I will trust you. Walk before toward the sea-side; go on the right hand: I will but look upon the hedge and follow you.

Clo. We are blest in this man, as I may say, even blest.

Shep. Let 's before as he bids us: he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shepherd and Clown.*

Aut. If I had a mind to be honest, I see Fortune would not suffer me: she drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double oc-

casion, gold and a means to do the prince my master good; which who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring these two moles, these blind ones, aboard him: if he think it fit to shore them again and that the complaint they have to the king concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue for being so far officious; for I am proof against that title and what shame else belongs to 't. To him will I present them: there may be matter in it. [*Exit.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

A room in Leontes' palace.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cleo. Sir, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A saint-like sorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed, paid down
More penitence than done trespass: at the last,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them forgive yourself.

Leon. Whilst I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemishes in them, and so still think of
The wrong I did myself: which was so much,
That heirless it hath made my kingdom; and
Destroy'd the sweet'st companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my lord:
If, one by one, you wedded all the world,

Or from the all that are took something good,
To make a perfect woman, she you kill'd
Would be unparallel'd.

Leon. I think so. Kill'd!
She I kill'd! I did so: but thou strikest me
Sorely, to say I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue as in my thought: now, good now,
Say so but seldom.

Cleo. Not at all, good lady:
You might have spoken a thousand things that would
Have done the time more benefit and graced
Your kindness better.

Paul. You are one of those
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not so,
You pity not the state, nor the remembrance
Of his most sovereign name; consider little
What dangers, by his highness' fail of issue,
May drop upon his kingdom and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is well?
What holier than, for royalty's repair,
For present comfort and for future good,
To bless the bed of majesty again
With a sweet fellow to 't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Respecting her that 's gone. Besides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their secret purposes;
For has not the divine Apollo said,
Is 't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes shall not have an heir
Till his lost child be found? which that it shall,

Is all as monstrous to our human reason
As my Antigonus to break his grave
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did perish with the infant. 'Tis your counsel
My lord should to the heavens be contrary,
Oppose against their wills. [*To Leontes*] Care not for issue;
The crown will find an heir: great Alexander
Left his to the worthiest; so his successor
Was like to be the best.

Leon. Good Paulina,
Who has the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour, O, that ever I
Had squared me to thy counsel!—then, even now,
I might have look'd upon my queen's full eyes;
Have taken treasure from her lips,—

Paul. And left them
More rich for what they yielded.

Leon. Thou speak'st truth.
No more such wives; therefore, no wife: one worse,
And better used, would make her sainted spirit
Again possess her corpse, and on this stage,
Where we offenders now, appear soul-vex'd,
And begin, 'Why to me?'

Paul. Had she such power,
She had just cause.

Leon. She had; and would incense me
To murder her I married.

Paul. I should so.
Were I the ghost that walk'd, I 'ld bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me for what dull part in 't
You chose her; then I 'ld shriek, that even your ears

Should rift to hear me; and the words that follow'd
Should be 'Remember mine.'

Leon. Stars, stars,
And all eyes else dead coals! Fear thou no wife:
I 'll have no wife, Paulina.

Paul. Will you swear
Never to marry but by my free leave?

Leon. Never, Paulina; so be blest my spirit!

Paul. Then, good my lords, bear witness to his oath.

Cleo. You tempt him over-much.

Paul. Unless another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.

Cleo. Good madam,—

Paul. I have done.
Yet, if my lord will marry,—if you will, sir,
No remedy, but you will,—give me the office
To choose you a queen: she shall not be so young
As was your former: but she shall be such
As, walk'd your first queen's ghost, it should take joy
To see her in your arms.

Leon. My true Paulina,
We shall not marry till thou bid'st us.

Paul. That
Shall be when your first queen's again in breath;
Never till then.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. One that gives out himself Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his princess, she
The fairest I have yet beheld, desires access
To your high presence.

Leon. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatness: his approach,
So out of circumstance and sudden, tells us
'Tis not a visitation framed, but forced
By need and accident. What train?

Gent. But few,
And those but mean.

Leon. His princess, say you, with him?

Gent. Ay, the most peerless piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the sun shone bright on.

Paul. O Hermione,
As every present time doth boast itself
Above a better gone, so must thy grave
Give way to what 's seen now! Sir, you yourself
Have said and writ so, but your writing now
Is colder than that theme, ' She had not been,
Nor was not to be equall'd ';—thus your verse
Flow'd with her beauty once: 'tis shrewdly ebb'd,
To say you have seen a better.

Gent. Pardon, madam:
The one I had almost forgot,—your pardon,—
The other, when she has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would she begin a sect, might quench the zeal
Of all professors else; make proselytes
Of who she but bid follow.

Paul. How! not women?

Gent. Women will love her, that she is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

Leon. Go, Cleomenes;
Yourself, assisted with your honour'd friends,

Bring them to our embracement.
[*Exeunt Cleomenes and others.*
Still, 'tis strange
He thus should steal upon us.

Paul. Had our prince,
Jewel of children, seen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this lord: there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leon. Prithee, no more; cease; thou know'st
He dies to me again when talk'd of: sure,
When I shall see this gentleman, thy speeches
Will bring me to consider that which may
Unfurnish me of reason. They are come.

Re-enter Cleomenes and others, with Florizel and Perdita.

Your mother was most true to wedlock, prince;
For she did print your royal father off,
Conceiving you: were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is so hit in you,
His very air, that I should call you brother,
As I did him, and speak of something wildly
By us perform'd before. Most dearly welcome!
And your fair princess,—goddess!—O, alas!
I lost a couple, that 'twixt heaven and earth
Might thus have stood begetting wonder, as
You, gracious couple, do: and then I lost,
All mine own folly, the society,
Amity too, of your brave father, whom,
Though bearing misery, I desire my life
Once more to look on him.

Flo. By his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him

Give you all greetings, that a king, at friend,
Can send his brother: and, but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath something seized
His wish'd ability, he had himself
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Measured to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me say so, more than all the sceptres
And those that bear them living.

Leon. O my brother,
Good gentleman! the wrongs I have done thee stir
Afresh within me; and these thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand slackness! Welcome hither,
As is the spring to the earth. And hath he too
Exposed this paragon to the fearful usage,
At least ungentle, of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much less
The adventure of her person?

Flo. Good my lord,
She came from Libya.

Leon. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd lord, is fear'd and loved?

Flo. Most royal sir, from thence; from him, whose daughter
His tears proclaim'd his, parting with her: thence,
A prosperous south-wind friendly, we have cross'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For visiting your highness: my best train
I have from your Sicilian shores dismiss'd;
Who for Bohemia bend, to signify
Not only my success in Libya, sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's in safety

Here where we are.

Leon. The blessed gods
Purge all infection from our air whilst you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman; against whose person,
So sacred as it is, I have done sin:
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me issueless; and your father 's blest,
As he from heaven merits it, with you
Worthy his goodness. What might I have been,
Might I a son and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Most noble sir,
That which I shall report will bear no credit,
Were not the proof so nigh. Please you, great sir,
Bohemia greets you from himself by me;
Desires you to attach his son, who has—
His dignity and duty both cast off—
Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A shepherd's daughter.

Leon. Where 's Bohemia? speak.

Lord. Here in your city; I now came from him:
I speak amazedly; and it becomes
My marvel and my message. To your court
Whiles he was hastening, in the chase, it seems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this seeming lady and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young prince.

Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;

Whose honour and whose honesty till now
Endured all weathers.

Lord. Lay 't so to his charge:
He 's with the king your father.

Leon. Who? Camillo?

Lord. Camillo, sir; I spake with him; who now
Has these poor men in question. Never saw I
Wretches so quake: they kneel, they kiss the earth;
Forswear themselves as often as they speak:
Bohemia stops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.

Per. O my poor father!
The heaven sets spies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.

Leon. You are married?

Flo. We are not, sir, nor are we like to be;
The stars, I see, will kiss the valleys first:
The odds for high and low 's alike.

Leon. My lord,
Is this the daughter of a king?

Flo. She is,
When once she is my wife.

Leon. That 'once,' I see by your good father's speed,
Will come on very slowly. I am sorry,
Most sorry, you have broken from his liking
Where you were tied in duty, and as sorry
Your choice is not so rich in worth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.

Flo. Dear, look up:
Though Fortune, visible an enemy,
Should chase us with my father, power no jot
Hath she to change our loves. Beseech you, sir,

Remember since you owed no more to time
Than I do now: with thought of such affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your request
My father will grant precious things as trifles.

Leon. Would he do so, I 'ld beg your precious mistress,
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in 't: not a month
'Fore your queen died, she was more worth such gazes
Than what you look on now.

Leon. I thought of her,
Even in these looks I made. [*To Florizel*] But your petition
Is yet unanswer'd. I will to your father:
Your honour not o'erthrown by your desires,
I am friend to them and you: upon which errand
I now go toward him; therefore follow me
And mark what way I make: come, good my lord.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Before Leontes' palace.

Enter Autolycus and a Gentleman.

Aut. Beseech you, sir, were you present at this relation?

First Gent. I was by at the opening of the fardel, heard the old shepherd deliver the manner how he found it: whereupon, after a little amazedness, we were all commanded out of the chamber; only this methought I heard the shepherd say, he found the child.

Aut. I would most gladly know the issue of it.

First Gent. I make a broken delivery of the business; but the changes I perceived in the king and Camillo were very notes of admiration: they seemed almost, with staring on one another, to tear the cases of their eyes; there was speech in their dumbness, language in their very gesture; they looked as they had heard of a world ransomed, or one destroyed: a notable passion of wonder appeared in them; but the wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the importance were joy or sorrow; but in the extremity of the one, it must needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

Sec. Gent. Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfilled; the king's daughter is found: such a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to express it.

Enter a third Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's steward: he can deliver you more. How goes it now, sir? this news which is called true is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion: has the king found his heir?

Third Gent. Most true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumstance: that which you hear you 'll swear you see, there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione's, her jewel

about the neck of it, the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character, the majesty of the creature in resemblance of the mother, the affection of nobleness which nature shows above her breeding, and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the king's daughter. Did you see the meeting of the two kings?

Sec. Gent. No.

Third Gent. Then have you lost a sight, which was to be seen, cannot be spoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, so and in such manner, that it seemed sorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was casting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of such distraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our king, being ready to leap out of himself for joy of his found daughter, as if that joy were now become a loss, cries, 'O, thy mother, thy mother!' then asks Bohemia forgiveness; then embraces his son-in-law; then again worries he his daughter with clipping her; now he thanks the old shepherd, which stands by like a weather-bitten conduit of many kings' reigns. I never heard of such another encounter, which lames report to follow it and undoes description to do it.

Sec. Gent. What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carried hence the child?

Third Gent. Like an old tale still, which will have matter to rehearse, though credit be asleep and not an ear open. He was torn to pieces with a

bear: this avouches the shepherd's son; who has not only his innocence, which seems much, to justify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his that Paulina knows.

First Gent. What became of his bark and his followers?

Third Gent. Wrecked the same instant of their master's death and in the view of the shepherd: so that all the instruments which aided to expose the child were even then lost when it was found. But O, the noble combat that 'twixt joy and sorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declined for the loss of her husband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfilled: she lifted the princess from the earth, and so locks her in embracing, as if she would pin her to her heart that she might no more be in danger of losing.

First Gent. The dignity of this act was worth the audience of kings and princes; for by such was it acted.

Third Gent. One of the prettiest touches of all and that which angled for mine eyes, caught the water though not the fish, was when, at the relation of the queen's death, with the manner how she came to 't bravely confessed and lamented by the king, how attentiveness wounded his daughter; till, from one sign of dolour to another, she did, with an 'Alas,' I would fain say, bleed tears, for I am sure my heart wept blood. Who was most marble there changed colour; some swooned, all sorrowed: if all the world could have seen 't, the woe had been universal.

First Gent. Are they returned to the court?

Third Gent. No: the princess hearing of her mother's statue, which is in the keeping of Paulina,—a piece many years in doing and now newly performed by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, who, had he himself eternity and could put breath into his work, would beguile Nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape: he so near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they say one would speak to her and stand in hope of answer:—thither with all greediness of affection are they gone, and there they intend to sup.

Scc. Gent. I thought she had some great matter there in hand; for she hath privately twice or thrice a day, ever since the death of Hermione, visited that removed house. Shall we thither and with our company piece the rejoicing?

First Gent. Who would be thence that has the benefit of access? every wink of an eye, some new grace will be born: our absence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let 's along. [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*

Aut. Now, had I not the dash of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his son aboard the prince; told him I heard them talk of a fardel and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the shepherd's daughter, so he then took her to be, who began to be much sea-sick, and himself little better, extremity of weather continuing, this mystery remained undiscovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder

out of this secret, it would not have relished among my other discredits.

Enter Shepherd and Clown.

Here comes those I have done good to against my will, and already appearing in the blossoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy; I am past moe children, but thy sons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. You are well met, sir. You denied to fight with me this other day, because I was no gentleman born. See you these clothes? say you see them not and think me still no gentleman born: you were best say these robes are not gentlemen born: give me the lie, do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman born.

Aut. I know you are now, sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been so any time these four hours.

Shep. And so have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the king's son took me by the hand, and called me brother; and then the two kings called my father brother; and then the prince my brother and the princess my sister called my father father; and so we wept, and there was the first gentleman-like tears that ever we shed.

Shep. We may live, son, to shed many more.

Clo. Ay; or else 'twere hard luck, being in so preposterous estate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beseech you, sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your worship,

and to give me your good report to the prince my master.

Shep. Prithee, son, do; for we must be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good worship.

Clo. Give me thy hand: I will swear to the prince thou art as honest a true fellow as any is in Bohemia.

Shep. You may say it, but not swear it.

Clo. Not swear it, now I am a gentleman? Let boors and franklins say it, I 'll swear it.

Shep. How if it be false, son?

Clo. If it be ne'er so false, a true gentleman may swear it in the behalf of his friend: and I 'll swear to the prince thou art a tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know thou art no tall fellow of thy hands and that thou wilt be drunk: but I 'll swear it, and I would thou wouldst be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove so, sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow: if I do not wonder how thou darest venture to be drunk, not being a tall fellow, trust me not. Hark! the kings and the princes, our kindred, are going to see the queen's picture. Come, follow us: we 'll be thy good masters. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A chapel in Paulina's house.

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and attendants.

Leon. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!

Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well. All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsafed
With your crown'd brother and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit,
It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.

Leon. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble: but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.

Paul. As she lived peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels whatever yet you look'd upon
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart. But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say 'tis well.

[*Paulina draws a curtain, and discovers Hermione standing like a statue.*

I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: but yet speak; first, you, my liege.
Comes it not something near?

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding, for she was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this seems.

Pol. O, not by much.

Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years and makes her
As she lived now.

Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, warm life,
As now it coldly stands, when first I woo'd her!
I am ashamed: does not the stone rebuke me
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel and then implore her blessing. Lady,
Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiss.

Paul. O, patience!
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour 's

Not dry.

Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on,
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow
But kill'd itself much sooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cause of this have power
To take off so much grief from you as he
Will piece up in himself.

Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, for the stone is mine,
I 'ld not have show'd it.

Leon. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer shall you gaze on 't, lest your fancy
May think anon it moves.

Leon. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he that did make it? See, my lord,
Would you not deem it breathed? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.

Leon. The fixture of her eye has motion in 't,
As we are mock'd with art.

Paul. I 'll draw the curtain:
My lord 's almost so far transported that
He 'll think anon it lives.

Leon. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together!

No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let 't alone.

Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you: but
I could afflict you farther.

Leon. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort. Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her: what fine chisel
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. Good my lord, forbear:
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You 'll mar it if you kiss it, stain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?

Leon. No, not these twenty years.

Per. So long could I
Stand by, a looker on.

Paul. Either forbear,
Quit presently the chapel, or resolve you
For more amazement. If you can behold it,
I 'll make the statue move indeed, descend
And take you by the hand: but then you 'll think,
Which I protest against, I am assisted
By wicked powers.

Leon. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on: what to speak,
I am content to hear; for 'tis as easy
To make her speak as move.

Paul. It is required
You do awake your faith. Then all stand still;
On: those that think it is unlawful business
I am about, let them depart.

Leon. Proceed:
No foot shall stir.

Paul. Music, awake her; strike! [*Music.*
'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I 'll fill your grave up: stir, nay, come away,
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs:
[*Hermione comes down.*
Start not; her actions shall be holy as
You hear my spell is lawful: do not shun her
Until you see her die again; for then
You kill her double. Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor?

Leon. O, she 's warm!
If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck:
If she pertain to life let her speak too.

Pol. Ay, and make 't manifest where she has lived,
Or how stolen from the dead.

Paul. That she is living,
Were it but told you, should be hooted at
Like an old tale: but it appears she lives,
Though yet she speak not. Mark a little while.
Please you to interpose, fair madam: kneel
And pray your mother's blessing. Turn, good lady;
Our Perdita is found.

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your sacred vials pour your graces

Upon my daughter's head! Tell me, mine own,
Where hast thou been preserved? where lived? how found
Thy father's court? for thou shalt hear that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou wast in being, have preserved
Myself to see the issue.

Paul. There 's time enough for that;
Lest they desire upon this push to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all; your exultation
Partake to every one. I, an old turtle,
Will wing me to some wither'd bough and there
My mate, that 's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

Leon. O, peace, Paulina!
Thou shouldst a husband take by my consent,
As I by thine a wife: this is a match,
And made between 's by vows. Thou hast found mine;
But how, is to be question'd; for I saw her,
As I thought, dead; and have in vain said many
A prayer upon her grave. I 'll not seek far,—
For him, I partly know his mind,—to find thee
An honourable husband. Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand, whose worth and honesty
Is richly noted and here justified
By us, a pair of kings. Let 's from this place.
What! look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks
My ill suspicion. This your son-in-law,
And son unto the king, whom heavens directing,

Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leisurely
Each one demand, and answer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, since first
We were dissever'd: hastily lead away. [*Exeunt.*

Glossary.

Abide, sojourn for a short time; "no more but a."=only make a short stay; IV. iii. 95.
Aboard him, i.e. aboard his ship; IV. iv. 853.
Abused, deceived; II. i. 141.
Action, suit (perhaps "this a. I now go on"=this which I am now to undergo); II. i. 121.
Address yourself, prepare; IV. iv. 53.
Adventure, venture; I. ii. 38; II. iii. 162; dare; IV. iv. 464.
Adventure of, risk of; V. i. 156.
Afar off, indirectly; II. i. 104.
Affection, instinct; I. ii. 138; disposition, V. ii. 40.
Affront, confront, come before; V. i. 75.
Air, breath; V. iii. 78.
'Alack for lesser knowledge'; i.e. "Oh, would that I had less knowledge"; II. i. 38.
Allow'd, allowable; I. ii. 263.
Allowing, approving; I. ii. 185.
Amazedly, confusedly; V. i. 187.
Amazedness, amazement, surprise; V. ii. 5.
Ancient, old; IV. iv. 79.
Ancientry, old people; III. iii. 63.
Another, the other; IV. iv. 176; V. ii. 82.
Ape, imitator; V. ii. 108.
Ape-bearer, one who leads about apes; IV. iii. 98.
Apparent, heir apparent; I. ii. 177.
Appoint, dress; I. ii. 326.
Appointed, equipped; IV. iv. 597.
Approbation, attestation, confirmation; II. i. 177.
Approved, proved, tried; IV. ii. 31.
Aspect, "the peculiar position and influence of a planet"; II. i. 107.
At, (?) to (perhaps "when at Bohemia you take my lord"="when you have my lord in Bohemia"); I. ii. 39.
At friend (so Folio 1; Folio 2, "as friend"), "on terms of friendship"; V. i. 140.
Attach, arrest; V. i. 182.
Attorneyed, performed by proxy; I. i. 29.
Aunts, mistresses (*cp.* doxy); IV. iii. 11
Avails, is of advantage; III. ii. 87.
Avoid, depart; I. ii. 462.

Bar, exclude; IV. iv. 434.
Barne, a little child; III. iii. 71.
Baseness, bastardy; II. iii. 78.

Basilisk, a fabulous serpent supposed to kill by its look; I. ii. 388.

From an illuminated MS. of XIVth century.

Bawcock, a term of endearment (always masculine); I. ii. 121.

Bearing-cloth, "the mantle or cloth in which a child was carried to the font"; III. iii. 119. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Bench'd, raised to authority; I. ii. 314.

Bents, dispositions; I. ii. 179.

Bide, dwell upon, repeat; I. ii. 242.

Blank, "the white mark in the centre of a butt, the aim"; II. iii. 5.

Blench, start or fly off; I. ii. 333.

Bless me, preserve me; IV. iv. 268.

Blocks, blockheads; I. ii. 225.

Blusters, boisterous tempests; III. iii. 4.

Bohemia=the king of B.; I. i. 7.

Boot, avail; III. ii. 26.

From a French (print *c.* 1600 A.D.) by Bonnart.

Boot, profit; IV. iv. 644; "grace to be," "God help us"; I. ii. 80.

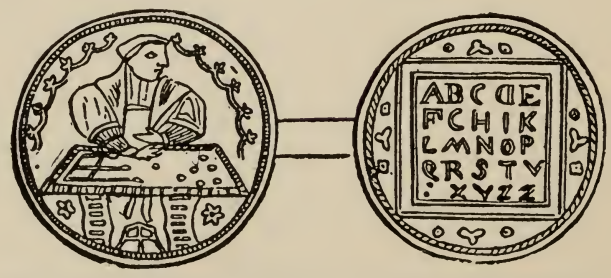
From an illumination in the Loutterell Psalter (XIVth Cent.).

Boring, perforating; III. iii. 93.
Borrow, borrowing; I. ii. 39.
Bosom, inmost thoughts; IV. iv. 568.
Bourn, limit, line of demarcation; I. ii. 134.
Brands, marks of infamy, stigmas; II. i. 71.
Brave, fine; IV. iv. 202.
Break-neck, "dangerous business"; I. ii. 363.
Breed, educate; III. iii. 48.
Bring, take, accompany; IV. iii. 119.
Bug, bugbear; III. ii. 93.
Bugle, a long bead of black glass; IV. iv. 223.
But, but that; V. i. 141.
But that, only because; II. i. 105.
By-gone day, day gone by this = yesterday; I. ii. 32.

Caddisses, worsted ribbons; IV. iv. 208.
Callat, a woman of bad character; II. iii. 90.
Game home, "did not get hold" (a nautical term); I. ii. 214.
Cap-a-pe, from head to foot; IV. iv. 749.
Caparison, literally horse-cloth; here used for "rags"; IV. iii. 27.
Carbonadoed, cut across for broiling; IV. iv. 265.
Carriage, carrying on, management; III. i. 17.
Carver, sculptor; V. iii. 30.
Censure, judgement; II. i. 37.
Centre, "the earth as the supposed centre of the world"; II. i. 102.
Chamber-councils, "private thoughts or intentions"; I. ii. 237.
Changed, exchanged; I. ii. 68.
Changeling, a child left by the fairies in the place of another; III. iii. 122.
Character, handwriting; V. ii. 38.
Charge, weight, value; IV. iv. 258.
Cheat (*v.* silly); IV. iii. 28.
Child, a girl; "a boy or a child"; III. iii. 71.
Childness, childishness; I. ii. 170.
Churl, peasant; IV. iv. 437.
Circumstance, ceremony, pomp; V. i. 90; facts which are evidence of the truth; V. ii. 33.
Clamour (*vide* Note); IV. iv. 249.
Clap, clap hands, *i.e.* pledge faith (a token of troth-plighting); I. ii. 104.
Clear'd, excepted; I. ii. 74.
Clerk-like, scholar-like; I. ii. 392.
Climate, reside, sojourn; V. i. 170.
Clipping, embracing; V. ii. 59.
Cock, woodcock, a metaphor for a fool; IV. iii. 36.
Collop, part of a man's flesh; I. ii. 137.
Colour, reason, pretext; IV. iv. 560.

Comforting, assisting; II. iii. 56.
Comforts, consolation; IV. iv. 562.
Commend, commit; II. iii. 182.
Commission, warrant; I. ii. 144.
Commodity, advantage; III. ii. 94.
Compassed, gained possession of; IV. iii. 99.
Conceit, intelligence; I. ii. 224; idea; III. ii. 145.
Concerns, is of importance; III. ii. 87.
Considered, requited, paid; IV. iv. 811.
Content, pleasure, delight; V. iii. 11.
Continent, chaste; III. ii. 35.
Contract, marriage-contract, espousals; V. i. 204.
Contrary, opposite side; I. ii. 372.
Copest with, has to do with; IV. iv. 429.
Corse, corpse; IV. iv. 129.
Counters, "a round piece of metal used in calculations"; IV. iii. 37.
Crack, flaw; I. ii. 322.
Credent, credible; I. ii. 142.
Crone, old woman; II. iii. 76.
Crown imperial, the *Tritellaria imperialis,* early introduced from Constantinople into England; IV. iv. 126.
Curious, requiring care, embarrassing; IV. iv. 519.
Curst, wicked; III. iii. 134.
Custom; "with a c.," from habit, IV. iv. 12; trade, custom, V. ii. 108.
Cypress, crape; IV. iv. 220.

Dances, throbs; I. ii. 110.
Dead, deadly; IV. iv. 439.
Dear, devoted; II. iii. 150.
Deliver, communicate; IV. iv. 503; narrate; V. ii. 4.
Delphos, Delphi; II. i. 183.
Denied, refused; V. ii. 139.
Derivative, transmission by descent; III. ii. 45.
Dibble, "a pointed instrument to make holes for planting seeds"; IV. iv. 100.
Die, gaming with the dice; IV. iii. 27.



From an Engraving in Knight's *Pictorial Shakespeare.*

Cozened, cheated; IV. iv. 252.
Cozeners, sharpers; IV. iv. 254.
Difference, i.e. d. in our stations in life; IV. iv. 17.

Dildos, a burden in popular songs; IV. iv. 195.
Dim; "violets dim," prob. "of quiet colour, not showy"; IV. iv. 120.
Discase, undress; IV. iv. 641.
Discontenting, discontented; IV. iv. 537.
Discover, disclose, shew; III. i. 20; communicate; IV. iv. 731.
Discover'd, betrayed; II. i. 50.
Discovery, disclosure; I. ii. 441.
Disliken, disguise; IV. iv. 659.
Dispute, "discuss, reason upon"; IV. iv. 405.
Dis's waggon, Pluto's chariot; IV. iv. 118.
Distinguishment, distinction; II. i. 86.
Divorce, separation; IV. iv. 422.
Do, describe; V. ii. 63.
Double, doubly; V. iii. 107.
Doxy, mistress (a cant term); IV. iii. 2.
Drab, a lewd woman; IV. iii. 27.
Dread, apprehension; IV. iv. 17.
Dread, awful, revered; I. ii. 322.
Dreams, idle fancy; III. ii. 82.
Dungy, filthy; II. i. 157.

Earnest, earnest-money, hand-sel; IV. iv. 652.
'*Eggs for money,*' a proverbial expression; meaning to put up with an affront, or to act cowardly; I. ii. 161.
Embracement, embrace; V. i. 114.
Encounter, behaviour; III. ii. 50.
Encounter, befall; II. i. 20.
Enfoldings, garments; IV. iv. 743.
Estate, affairs; IV. iv. 405.
Estate; "unspeakable e.," *i.e.* great possessions; IV. ii. 46.
Eternity, immortality; V. ii. 106.
Excrement, beard; IV. iv. 724.
Extremes, extravagance (of praise; and perhaps also in allusion to the extravagance of her attire); IV. iv. 6.
Eyed, held in view; II. i. 35.

Fadings, a common burden of songs; IV. iv. 195.
Fail, failure; II. iii. 170; want; V. i. 27.
Falling, letting fall; I. ii. 372.
Fancy, love; IV. iv. 487.
Fardel (Folio "farthell"), pack, bundle; IV. iv. 718.

From Holme's *Academy of Armory* (1688).

Fashion, kinds, sorts; III. ii. 105.
Favour, countenance, look; V. ii. 53.

Fearful, full of fear; I. ii. 250.
Featly, neatly, adroitly; IV. iv. 176.
Federary, accomplice; II. i. 90.
Feeding, pasturage; IV. iv. 169.
Fellows, comrades; II. iii. 142.
Fetch off, "make away with"; I. ii. 334.
Fixure, direction; V. iii. 67.
Flap-dragoned, swallowed it like a flap-dragon (*i.e.* snap-dragon); III. iii. 100.
Flatness, completeness; III. ii. 123.
Flaunts, finery, showy apparel; IV. iv. 23.
Flax-wench, a woman whose occupation is to dress flax; I. ii. 277.
Flayed, stripped, skinned; IV. iv. 648.
Flower-de-luce, fleur-de-lys (it is uncertain whether Shakespeare was thinking of a lily or an iris); IV. iv. 127.
Fond, foolish; IV. iv. 431.
Fools, "a term of endearment and pity"; II. i. 118.
For, because; III. i. 4; IV. iv. 86.
For because, because; II. i. 7.
Force, necessity; IV. iv. 428.
Forced, strained, far-fetched (or "mistaken"); IV. iv. 41.
Forceful, strong; II. i. 163.
'Fore, before; III. ii. 42.
Forefend, forbid; IV. iv. 535.
Forges, causes, produces; IV. iv. 17.
Fork'd, horned; I. ii. 186.
Framed, planned, pre-arranged; V. i. 91.
Franklins, yeomen; V. ii. 173.
Fraught, freighted, burdened; IV. iv. 519.
Free, noble (perhaps voluntary); II. ii. 44; guiltless, II. iii. 30; accessible to all, II. i. 194; eager, ready; IV. iv. 553.
Fresh, youthful; IV. iv. 427; IV. iv. 556.
Friends; "these unknown f. to's"; these friends unknown to us; IV. iv. 65.
Friendships, kind services; IV. ii. 22.
From, away from; IV. ii. 43.
Furnish'd, equipped, fitted out; IV. iv. 593.

Gall'd, harassed, injured; I. ii. 316.
Gallimaufry, medley, hotch-potch; IV. iv. 330.
Gallows, i.e. the fear or risk of the g.; IV. iii. 28.
Gentle, adjective used substantively = gentle one; IV. iv. 46; gentlemen; I. ii. 394.
Gently, moderately; IV. iv. 811.
Gentry, birth; I. ii. 393.
Germane, akin, related; IV. iv. 788.
Gest, appointed stages of a royal progress, hence the fixed limit of a visit; I. ii. 41.
Gillyvors, gillyflowers; a variety of the carnation; IV. iv. 82.
Give out, proclaim; IV. iv. 149.
Glass, hour-glass; I. ii. 306.
Glisters, shines, sparkles; III. ii. 171.

Gloves; "g. as sweet as damask roses"; alluding to the custom of perfuming gloves; IV. iv. 221.
Go about, intend; IV. iv. 218; attempt; IV. iv. 711.
Goal, point at issue; I. ii. 96.
Good deed, in very deed; I. ii. 42.
Gorge, stomach; II. i. 44.
Gossips, sponsors; II. iii. 41.
Grace, favour; III. ii. 48.
Gracious, prosperous; III. i. 22; endowed with grace; IV. ii. 30.
Grafted in my serious trust, trusted without reserve, absolutely; I. ii. 246.
Gust, taste, perceive; I. ii. 219.
Guilty to, chargeable for; IV. iv. 543.

Haled, dragged; III. ii. 102.
Hammer'd of, pondered upon; II. ii. 49.
Hand, lay hands on; II. iii. 63.
Hand-fast, custody, confinement; IV. iv. 781.
Hangman, executioner; IV. iv. 462.
'Happy man be's dole,' a proverbial expression = "May his dole or share in life be to be a happy man"; I. ii. 163.
Harlot, lewd; II. iii. 4.
Have, possess; IV. iv. 568.
Have at, I'll try; IV. iv. 297.
Having, possessions, property; IV. iv. 729.
Heat, traverse (as at a race); I. ii. 96.
Heavings, sighs; II. iii. 35.
Heavy, sad, sorrowful; III. iii. 115.
Hefts, retchings; II. i. 45.
Hent, pass beyond; IV. iii. 130.
Hereditary, i.e. derived from our first parents (alluding to "original sin"); I. ii. 75.
Him, by him (? the man); I. ii. 412.
Hobby-horse; I. ii. 276. (See illustration.)

From an early painting in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge. (Note the familiar tabor and pipe.)

Holy, pious, good, V. i. 170; blameless, V. iii. 148.
Home, out, to the end; I. ii. 248; fully, V. iii. 4.
Honest, chaste, virtuous; II. i. 68.
Hot, active; IV. iv. 692.
Hovering, "irresolute, wavering"; I. ii. 302.
Hoxes, hamstrings; I. ii. 244.

I' fecks, in fact; I. ii. 120.
Immodest, immoderate; III. ii. 103.
Impawn'd, in pledge; I. ii. 436.
Importance, import; V. ii. 20.
Incense, incite; V. i. 61.
Incertain, uncertain; V. i. 29.
Incertainties, "accidents of fortune"; III. ii. 170.
Incidency, "a falling on"; I. ii. 403.
Inconstant, fickle; III. ii. 187.
Industriously, "deliberately"; I. ii. 256.
Injury of tongues, mischief caused by scandal; I. ii. 338.
Inkle, a kind of tape; IV. iv. 208.
Insinuate, intermeddle; IV. iv. 746.
Instigation, incitement; II. i. 163.
Intelligencing, carrying intelligence; II. iii. 68.
Intelligent, communicative; I. ii. 378.
Intention, aim; I. ii. 138.
Irremovable, immovable; IV. iv. 512.
It, its; II. iii. 178.
It is, he is; I. i. 38.

Jar, tick; I. ii. 43.
Jewel, personal ornament of gold or precious stones; V. ii. 36.
Julio Romano (*v.* Note); V. ii. 105.
Justified, confirmed, ratified; V. iii. 145.
Justify him, confirm his assertion; V. ii. 71.

Kiln-hole the opening of an oven; probably the fire-place used in making malt; a noted gossiping place; IV. iv. 246.
Knacks, knick-knacks; IV. iv. 354.
Knock, cuffs, blows; IV. iii. 29.

Land, nation; IV. iv. 8.
Land-damn (*vide* Note); II. i. 143.
Lasting, everlasting; eternal; I. ii. 317.
Lay me, bury me; IV. iv. 462.
Lays on, does it in good style; IV. iii. 43.
Lean to, incline, tend towards; II. i. 64.
Let, let remain; I. ii. 41.
Level, direction of, aim; III. ii. 82.
'Leven, eleven; IV. iii. 33.
List, care, choose; IV. i. 26.
——, listen, hearken; IV. iv. 546.
Like, likely; II. ii. 27.
Like, "an' it like," if it please; IV. iv. 726.
Limber, flexible, easy bent; I. ii. 47.

Limit, "strength of l.," limited strength; III. ii. 107.
Lively, naturally; V. iii. 19.
Look out; "makes her blood l. o.," *i.e.* makes her blush; IV. iv. 160.
Look upon, take notice of; IV. ii. 41.
Lordings, lordlings; I. ii. 62.
Loss, be discarded; II. iii. 192.
Loud, tempestuous; III. iii. 11.
Lower messes, "persons of inferior rank" (properly those who sat at the lower end of the table); I. ii. 227.
Lozel, cowardly fellow; II. iii. 109.
Lunes, mad freaks; II. ii. 30.
Lusty, lively, active; II. ii. 27.
Maidenheads, maidenhoods; IV. iv. 116.
Mankind, masculine; II. iii. 67.
Mannerly, decent; II. i. 86.
Marble; "most m.," the most hard-hearted; V. ii. 98.
Margery, a term of contempt; II. iii. 160.
Mark, pattern; IV. iv. 8.
Marted, traded; IV. iv. 357.
Marvel, astonishment; V. i. 188.
Masters, well-wishers, patrons; V. ii. 188.
Meaner form, lower position; I. ii. 313.
Masters, well-wishers, patrons; ors; IV. iii. 46.
Measure, stately tread; IV. iv. 743.
Measure, judge of; II. i. 114.
Medicine, physician; IV. iv. 592.
Medler, busybody; IV. iv. 323.
Meet, proper, fit; II. ii. 46.
Men of hair, dressed in goatskins to resemble satyrs; IV. iv. 327.

From Küchler's *Pageants and Tourney at Stuttgard* (1609).

Mere, absolute; III. ii. 142; only, III. ii. 145.
Mess, course (of a feast); IV. iv. 11.
Midwife, old woman, used contemptuously; II. iii. 160.
Moe, more; I. ii. 8.
Moiety, part, portion; II. iii. 8; half, III. ii. 40.
Mortal, fatal; III. ii. 149.
Mort o' the deer, a note blown at the death of the deer; I. ii. 118.
Motion, puppet-show; IV. iii. 103. (See illustration.)

A motion of the prodigal son.
From an English woodcut of XVIIth century.

Nayward, contradiction; II. i. 64.

Near, like, resembling; V. ii. 109.

Neat, used with a quibble upon "neat" = horned cattle; I. ii. 123.

Neat-herds, cow-keepers; IV. iv. 326.

Neb, beak = mouth; I. ii. 183.

Necklace amber, "an amber of which necklaces were made, commonly called 'bead-amber,' fit to perfume a lady's chamber"; IV. iv. 223.

Next, nearest; III. iii. 127.

Note, mark, sign; I. ii. 287; knowledge, I. i. 40; distinction, eminence, IV. ii. 48; mark for measuring time; "shepherd's note" = the shepherd hath observed, noted; I. ii. 2.

Noted, respected; V. iii. 145.

O'erween, am overbold, presume; IV. ii. 9.

Of, off (= on); "browzing of ivy"; III. iii. 69.

Of, some of; "you have of," *i.e.* there are some; IV. iv. 216.

Officed, "having a place or function"; I. ii. 172.

O' life (Folio "a life"), on my life; IV. iv. 260.

On, of; II. ii. 23.

On't, of it; II. i. 169.

Out, on the wrong scent; II. i. 72.

Out of, without; V. i. 90.

Over, over us; IV. iv. 661.

Overture, disclosure; II. i. 172.

Paddling palms, toying with hands; used contemptuously; I. ii. 115.

Pale, paleness (with probably a play on the other sense, limit, boundary); IV. iii. 4.

Pandar, go-between; II. i. 46.

Pantler, the servant who had charge of the pantry; IV. iv. 56.

Paragon, pattern of supreme excellence; V. i. 153.

Part, depart; I. ii. 10; divide, I. ii. 18.

Partake, communicate; V. iii. 132.

Partlet; "Dame P." alluding to Chaucer's *Nonne Prestes Tale,* where P. is the name of the favourite hen of Chauntecleer; II. iii. 75.

Parts, actions, tasks; I. ii. 400.

Pash, head; I. ii. 128.

Passes, surpasses; II. ii. 20.

Passing, surpassing; IV. iv. 289.

Pattern, match; III. ii. 37.

Pay your fees; alluding to fees paid by prisoners, whether guilty or not, on their liberation; I. ii. 53.

Peer, peep out; IV. iii. 1.

Peering, disclosing (herself); IV. iv. 3.

Perfect, sure; III. iii. 1.

Performed, executed; V. ii. 105.

Pettitoes, pigs' feet; used contemptuously; IV. iv. 613.

Physics, heals, cures; I. i. 43.

Picture, appearance; IV. iv. 609; painted statue; V. ii. 187.

Piece, complete; V. ii. 117.

Piece up, hoard up, so as to have his fill; V. iii. 56.

Piedness, variegation; IV. iv. 87.

Pin and web, the disease of the eyes, now known as cataract; I. ii. 291.

Pinch'd, made ridiculous; II. i. 51.

Places, position, station; I. ii. 448.

Plackets, some special article of female attire; IV. iv. 244.

Plucking, pulling; IV. iv. 470.

Points, tagged laces for fastening various articles of attire; here an obvious play on the word; IV. iv. 206. (*Cp.* illustration in *Twelfth Night.*)

Poking-sticks, small iron, brass, or silver rods, which were heated, and used for setting

From a specimen in the Londesborough collection.

the plaits of ruffs; IV. iv. 227.

Pomander, "a ball composed of perfumes"; IV. iv. 603. (*Cp.* illustration.)

Ponderous, forcible; IV. iv. 529.

Post; "in p.," in haste; II. i. 182.

Posterns, the smaller gates of a city; I. ii. 438.

Pound and odd shilling, twenty-one shillings, a guinea; IV. iii. 34.

Power; "to my p.," to the best of my power; V. ii. 182.

Powerful, forcible, hence "deterrent"; IV. iii. 29.

Practice, artifice, device; III. ii. 168.

Prank'd up, decked up, adorned; IV. iv. 10.

Predominant, used as an astrological term; I. ii. 202.

Pregnant, made plausible; V. ii. 33.

Preposterous, Clown's blunder for *prosperous*; V. ii. 158.

Present, immediate; II. iii. 184.

Presently, immediately; II. ii. 47.

Pretence, purpose, intention; III. ii. 18.

Prig, thief; IV. iii. 105.

Profess, confess, own; IV. iv. 544.

Profess'd, professed friendship; I. ii. 456.

Proper, own; II. iii. 139.

Pugging, thievish; IV. iii. 7.

Purchased, gained, came to; IV. iii. 27.

Purgation, exculpation; III. ii. 7.

Puritan, a contemptuous allusion to the "Psalm-singing Puritans"; IV. iii. 45.

Push, impulse, impetus; V. iii. 129.

Putter-on, instigator; II. i. 141.

Qualify, appease, soften; IV. iv. 537.

Question, conversation, IV. ii. 55; "in q.," under examination, trial, V. i. 198.

Quick, alive; IV. iv. 132.

Quoifs, caps, hoods; IV. iv. 225.

From a figure on the tomb of Lady Hoby (*temp.* Elizabeth), in the Church of Bisham, Berks.

Race, root; IV. iii. 49.

Rash, quick, sudden; I. ii. 319.

Rear'd, raised; I. ii. 314.

Reason, it is just; IV. iv. 411.

Regard, look; I. ii. 390.

Relish, realize, perceive; II. i. 167.

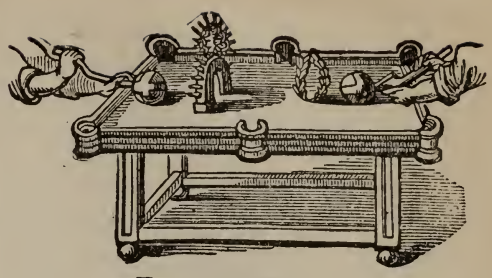
Remember, reminds; III. ii. 231.
Removed, retired, sequestered; V. ii. 116.
Removedness, retirement; IV. ii. 41.
Repair, restoration; V. i. 31.
Replenish'd, perfect; II. i. 79.
Require, deserve, II. iii. 190; III. ii. 64.
Resolve you, prepare yourselves, compose yourselves; V. iii. 86.
Respecting, considering; V. i. 35.
Reverend, "venerable, entitled to high respect"; IV. iv. 73.
Review, re-view, see again; IV. iv. 673.
Rheums, rheumatism; IV. iv. 404.
Rift, burst, split; V. i. 66.
Ripe, pressing; I. ii. 332.
Rosemary, referred to as the symbol of remembrance; IV. iv. 74.
Rounding, murmuring; I. ii. 217.
Rue, referred to as the herb of grace; IV. iv. 74.

Sad, serious, earnest; IV. iv. 311.
Saffron, a spice used for colouring paste; IV. iii. 47.
Saltiers, the servant's blunder for *satyrs*; IV. iv. 329.
Sap, life, hope; IV. iv. 570.
Savour, smell, scent; IV. iv. 75.
Scape, transgression; III. iii. 73.
Sealing, closing, putting an end to; I. ii. 337.
Sear, brand; II. i. 73.
Second; "be second to me," second my efforts; II. iii. 27.
Seeming, appearance; IV. iv. 75.
Seems, appears; IV. iv. 157.
Seized, fallen on, overpowered; V. i. 142.
Seven-night, week; I. ii. 17.
Severals, individuals; I. ii. 226.
Shall's, shall us (*i.e.* shall we; "shall" perhaps used impersonally); I. ii. 178.
She, love, mistress; IV. iv. 354.
Sheep-whistling, whistling after sheep, tending sheep; IV. iv. 790.
Sheets; "is sheets," *i.e.* is to steal s.; IV. iii. 23.
Shore, put ashore; IV. iv. 854.
Should, would; I. ii. 57.
'Shrew, beshrew, a mild form of imprecation; I. ii. 281.
Sighted, having eyes; I. ii. 388.
Silly; "s. cheat," harmless fraud, petty thievery; IV. iii. 28.
Since, when; V. i. 219.
Singular, unique; IV. iv. 144.
Singularities, rarities, curiosities; V. iii. 12.
Sitting, interview; IV. iv. 566.
Skill, cunning; II. i. 166; reason, motive (or rather a thought caused by consideration and judgement); IV. iv. 152.
Sleeve-hand, wristband, cuff; IV. iv. 211.

Sneaping, nipping; I. ii. 13.
Softly, slowly; IV. iii. 118.
Soaking, absorbent; I. ii. 224.
Solely, alone; II. iii. 17.
Sooth; "good s.," in very truth; IV. iv. 160.
So that, provided that; II. i. 9.
Sped, prospered, succeeded; I. ii. 389.
Speed, fortune; III. ii. 146.
Spices, seasonings; III. ii. 185.
Splitt'st, cleav'st; I. ii. 349.
Spoke, spoken; I. ii. 106.
Sprightly, in a sprightly manner (adjective in-*ly* used as adverb); IV. iv. 53.
Springe, a noose for catching birds; IV. iii. 36.
Square, the embroidery on the bosom of a garment; IV. iv. 211.
Squared, shaped; V. i. 52.
Squash, an unripe peascod; I. ii. 160.
Squier, square, measure; IV. iv. 343.
Stand, fight; III. ii. 46.
Star; "the watery star," the moon; I. ii. 1.
Starr'd, fated; III. ii. 100.
State, estate, rank, station; IV. iv. 431.
Straight, straightway, immediately; II. i. 70.
Strain'd, turned from the right course; III. ii. 51.
Straited, at a loss; IV. iv. 359.
Strangely, as if it were a stranger; II. iii. 182.
Stretch-mouthed, broad-spoken; IV. iv. 196.
Strong, forcible; I. ii. 34.
Stuff'd, complete; II. i. 185.
Subject, people; I. i. 43.
Success, succession; I. ii. 394.
Suddenly, immediately; II. iii. 200.
Sufficiency, ability; II. i. 185.
Swear over, endeavour to overcome by swearing oaths; I. ii. 424.

Table-book, tablet, memorandum book; IV. iv. 604. (*Cp.* illustration in *Cymbeline.*)
Take, excite, move; III. ii. 38.
Take in, conquer, take; IV. iv. 582.
Tall; "t. fellow of thy hands," active, able-bodied man who will bear the test; VI. ii. 177.
Tardied, retarded; III. ii. 163.
Tawdry-lace, a rustic necklace (said to be corrupted from St. Audrey, *i.e.* St. Ethelreda, on whose day, the 17th of October, a fair was held in the isle of Ely, where gay toys of all sorts were sold); IV. iv. 250.
Tell, count; IV. iv. 185.
Tender, show, introduce; IV. iv. 812.
That = O that! (or, better, dependent on "I am question'd by my fears"); "that . . . no" = "lest"; I. ii. 12.
——, so that; I. i. 30; provided that, I. ii. 84, 85.
Thereabouts, of that import; I. ii. 378.

Thereto, added thereto, besides; I. ii. 391.
Thick, made thick, thicken; I. ii. 171.
Thought, idea, opinion; I. ii. 424.
Thought on, held in estimation; IV. iv. 525.
"*Three man song-man,*" *i.e.* "singers of songs in three parts"; IV. iii. 44.
Three-pile, the richest and most costly kind of velvet; IV. iii. 14.
Thriving, successful; II. ii. 45.
Tincture, colour; III. ii. 206.
Toaze (Folio 1, "at toaze"), "probably to touse, *i.e.* pull, tear"; IV. iv. 747.
Tod, twenty-eight pounds of wool; IV. iii. 34.
Tods, yields a tod; IV. iii. 33.
Traffic, business, trade; IV. iii. 23.
Traitorly, traitrous; IV. iv. 807.
Transported, hurried away by violent passion; III. ii. 159; borne away by ecstacy, V. iii. 69.
Tremor cordis, trembling of the heart; I. ii. 110.
Trick, toy, plaything; II. i. 51.
Troll-my-dames, the French game of *Trou-madame*; IV. iii. 89. (*Cp.* illustration.)
Trumpet, trumpeter, herald; II. ii. 35.
Trunk, body; I. ii. 435.
Tug, strive, struggle; IV. iv. 502.



Trou-madame.
From an early collection of foreign emblems.

Turtles, turtle-doves; IV. iv. 154.

Unbraided (?) = "not counterfeit, sterling, but probably the Clown's blunder for *embroidered*"; IV. iv. 204.
Unclasp'd, revealed; III. ii. 168.
Uncurrent, objectionable, unallowable (like false coin); III. ii. 50.
Undergo, undertake; IV. iv. 548.
Uneasy, difficult; IV. ii. 56.
Unfurnish, deprive; V. i. 123.
Unintelligent, ignorant, unconscious; I. i. 16.
Unrolled, struck off the rolls (of thieves); IV. iii. 127.
Unsphere, remove from their orbs; I. ii. 48.
Unthrifty, not increasing; V. ii. 120.
Unvenerable, contemptible; II. iii. 77.
Urgent, pressing; I. ii. 465.
Use; "the u. on't," having been used; III. i. 14.
Utter, "cause to pass from one to another"; IV. iv. 325.

Vast (later Folios "a vast sea"), a boundless sea; I. i. 33.
Vessel, creature; III. iii. 21.
Vice, screw, force; I. ii. 416.
Villain, a term of endearment; I. ii. 136.
Virginalling, "playing as upon a virginal (a sort of small pianoforte"); I. ii. 125.

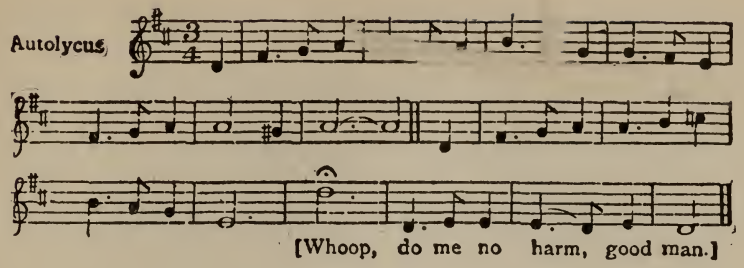
From a painting on glass, executed in 1601

Visible, appearing visibly; V. i. 216.
Visitation, visit; I. i. 7; IV. iv. 560.
Vulgars, the common people; II. i. 94.

Wafting, turning quickly; I. ii. 372.
Waits upon, accompanies; V. i. 142.
Want, be without; IV. ii. 15.
Wanton, play; II. i. 18.
Ward, "guard made in fencing"; I. ii. 33.
Warden, a baking pear; IV. iii. 48.
Wearing, apparel, dress; IV. iv. 9.
Weeds, garments; IV. iv. 1.
Welkin, heavenly, (?) blue; I. ii. 136.
Well, at rest; V. i. 30.
What, whatever; I. ii. 44.
Which, that which; III. ii. 61.
Whistle off (Folio 1, whistle of); perhaps, derived from falconry; "to whistle off"= to send off; IV. iv. 246.
Whitsun pastorals, Whitsuntide morris-dances; IV. iv. 134.

From a woodcut of the XVIIth century.

Whoo-bub, outcry, clamour; IV. iv. 623.
"*Whoop, do me no harm, good-man,*" the name of an old song; IV. iv. 199. The rest of the words are unknown, but several ballads printed in the latter part of XVIth century go to this tune.



From Naylor's *Shakespeare and Music.*

Wild, rash; II. i. 182.
Wilful-negligent, wilfully negligent; I. ii. 255.
Wink, the act of closing the eyes; I. ii. 317.
Winked, closed my eyes; III. iii. 106.
Winners, "precious w." winners of things precious to you; V. iii. 132.
Wit, wisdom; II. ii. 52.
With, by; IV. iii. 27; V. ii. 68.
Without-door, outward, external; II. i. 69.
Woman-tired, hen-pecked; II. iii. 74.
Wonder, admiration; V. i. 133.
Wondering, admiration; IV. i. 25.
Worn, spent; "w. times," spent youth = old age; V. i. 142.
Worship, honour, dignity; I. ii. 314.
Worth, worthiness of all kinds, here especially fortune and rank; V. i. 214.
Wotting, knowing; III. ii. 77.
Wrought, worked upon, agitated; V. iii. 58.

Yellow, the colour of jealousy; II. iii. 106.
Yest, spume or foam of water; III. iii. 94.
Yet, still; I. ii. 51.

Critical Notes.

BY ISRAEL GOLLANCZ.

I. ii. 44. *'What lady she her lord'*; 'she' has been variously interpreted; Collier and Dyce proposed 'should,' destroying the beauty of the line; Schmidt makes the phrase 'lady she' = 'a woman that is a lady,' taking 'she' = 'woman'; others print 'lady-she'; perhaps the word may be best explained as the pleonastic pronoun so common in popular poetry; the rhythm seems to favour this latter view.

I. ii. 70. *no, nor dream'd,'* so later Folios; Folio 1 (retained by Cambridge Edition), *nor dream'd;* Spedding, *'neither dream'd'*; the reading adopted in the text has much to commend it.

I. ii. 131-2. *'false As o'er-dyed blacks'*; Folios 1, 2, 3, *'o're dy'd'*; the words have been variously interpreted to mean 'fabrics dyed over with some other colour,' or 'dyed too much'; Steevens saw in the phrase an allusion to the fact that black will receive no other hue without discovering itself through it; the passage may simply contain the idea, 'the blacker the garb, the less sincere the mourning.'

I. ii. 154. *'methoughts'*; so the Folios in this and other places; this erroneous form was probably due to *'methinks'*; it is noteworthy that the correct *'methought'* occurs a few lines below.

I. ii. 284. *'that,' i.e.* 'that of which you accuse her.'

II. i. 11. *'Who taught you this?'* Rowe's emendation of the reading of Folio 1, *'taught 'this'* (with an apostrophe before *'this,'* indicating an elision); the later Folios, *'taught this.'*

II. ii. 25. *'A sad tale's best for winter'*; hence the title of the play.

II. i. 39-41. *'There may be in the cup A spider,'* etc.; it was formerly believed that spiders were venomous.

II. i. 134. *'I'll keep my stables where I lodge my wife'*; *i.e.* 'I'll degrade my wife's chamber into a stable or dog kennel.'

II. i. 143. *'I would land-damn him'*; so the Folios; *'land-damn' 'laudanum,' 'lamback'* (*i.e.* 'beat'), *'half-damn,' 'live-damn,' 'landan* (*lantan, rantan*),' *'lant-dam,'* are among the vari-

ous emendations proposed; Schmidt suggests *'I would—Lord, damn him!'* In all probability the reading of the Folios should not be departed from, and it seems likely that Antigonus, having in the previous phrase used the word *'damn'd,'* here uses *'land-damn,'* as a sort of grim quibble for *'landan,'*—a Gloucestershire word still in use "to express the punishment meted out to slanderers and adulterers by rustics traversing from house to house along the country side, blowing trumpets and beating drums or pans and kettles; when an audience was assembled the delinquents' names were proclaimed, and they were said to be landanned" (*cp.* Halliwell's *Dictionary of Archaic Words,* and *Notes and Queries,* iii. 464): *landan, lantan, rantan,* were variants of the same word, which was probably imitative in its origin.

II. i. 153. *'As you feel doing thus,'* probably = my doing thus to you (*i.e.* touching him, or perhaps pulling his beard); *'the instruments that feel'* = my fingers.

II. iii. 178. *'to its own protection,'* so Folios 1, 2; Folios 3, 4, *'its'*; the old possessive form *'it,'* still in use in Lancashire, occurs again in this play (III. ii. 101); there are some dozen instances elsewhere: *'it own,'* may be regarded as a sort of idiomatic compound, the combination helping to maintain the archaism; *'its* (Folio, *it's*) *own,'* to be found in Act I. ii. 266, is said to be the only instance of its use in Shakespeare.

III. ii. 178. *'boiling in leads or oils.' Cp.* the accompanying illustration.

From an illuminated MS. of XVth century.

III. iii. 123. *'You're a made old man'*; Theobold's emendation of the Folio reading *'mad,'* confirmed by the corresponding passage in Shakespeare's original:—"The goodman desired her to be quiet . . . if she could hold her peace they were made for ever."

IV. i. 15. *'to it,' i.e.* 'the present.'

IV. ii. 4. *'It is fifteen years since,* etc.; changed by Hanmer to *'sixteen,'* the number intended by Shakespeare.

IV. iii. 23. *'when the kite builds, look to lesser linen'*; alluding to this bird's habit of carrying off small linen garments hung out to dry; Autolycus preferred more substantial prey.

IV. iii. 53. *'I' the name of me——'*; probably, as has been

suggested, the Clown's exclamation of '*Mercy*' is interrupted by Autolycus.

IV. iv. 13. '*swoon*,' Hanmer's correction of Folios; '*sworn*,' retained in the Cambridge edition.

IV. iv. 160. '*out*'; Theobold's emendation for Folio 1, '*on't*.'

IV. iv. 249. '*clamour your tongues*'; Hanmer's emendation '*charm*' has been generally adopted, but '*clamour*' is almost certainly correct (Taylor, the Water-Poet, wrote '*Clamour the promulgation of your tongues*'); '*clamour*' or rather '*clammer*,' is probably radically identical with '*clamber*,' the Scandinavian original of which, '*klambra*' = to pinch closely together, to clamp.'

From a tapestry in the Chateau d'Effiat. The original represents a gentleman and lady, who are looking at a gypsy encampment. While the gentleman is directing the lady's attention to the group, one of the number cuts the string which connects the purse with her girdle.

IV. iv. 275. '*another ballad of a fish*'; *cp. e. g.* "A strange report of a monstrous fish that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward, seen in the sea"; entered in the Stationers' Register in 1604.

IV. iv. 436. '*Farre than Deucalion off*'; '*farre*' = 'farther'; the Folios all correctly read '*farre*,' *i.e.* the old form of the comparative of '*far*,' unnecessarily substituted by the Cambridge Editors.

IV. iv. 586. '*i' the rear o' her birth*'; Folios 1, 2, 3, ''*our birth*'; Rowe first emended the line as in the text, though in his second edition he read '*o' our*' for '*o' her*.'

IV. iv. 594. '*appear*,' *i.e.* appear so (like Bohemia's son).

IV. iv. 621. '*I picked and cut their festival purses*.' (*Cp.* the accompanying drawing.)

IV. iv. 721. '*at palace*'; Folio 1, '*at 'Pallace*'; probably the apostrophe indicates "the omission of the article or its absorption in rapid pronunciation."

V. ii. 60. '*weather-bitten conduit*'; changed to '*weather-beaten*' in Folio 3; but '*weather-bitten*' is undoubtedly the correct form (*cp.* Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*): *conduits* were frequently in the form of human figures.

V. ii. 105. '*that rare Italian master*'; Giulio Pippi, known as 'Giulio Romano,' was born in 1492, and died in 1546; his fame

as a painter was widespread; Shakespeare, taking him as 'a type of artistic excellence,' makes him a sculptor; it must, however, be remembered that the statue was a 'painted picture.' Much has been made of this reference by the advocates of Shakespeare's alleged Italian journeys (*cp.* Elze's *Essays on Shakespeare*).

Explanatory Notes.

The Explanatory Notes in this edition have been specially selected and adapted, with emendations after the latest and best authorities, from the most eminent Shakespearian scholars and commentators, including Johnson, Malone, Steevens, Singer, Dyce, Hudson, White, Furness, Dowden, and others. This method, here introduced for the first time, provides the best annotation of Shakespeare ever embraced in a single edition.

ACT FIRST.

Scene I.

6. *to pay Bohemia*:—"Corporal Trim's King of Bohemia 'delighted in navigation, and had never a seaport in his dominions,'" says Farmer; "and my Lord Herbert informs us that De Luines, the prime minister of France, when he was ambassador there, demanded whether Bohemia was an inland country, or 'lay upon the sea.' There is a similar mistake in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* relative to that city [Verona] and Milan."

Scene II.

20. *none, none*:—"Shakespeare," as Clarke observes, "like a true poet, knew perfectly the potent effect of an iterated word; but, also like a true poet and writer of thorough judgement, used it but sparingly, and of course, on that account, with redoubled force of impression. Here it has the effect of intense earnestness."

53. *pay your fees,* etc.:—"An allusion," according to Lord Campbell, "to a piece of English law procedure, which, although it may have been enforced till very recently, could hardly be known to any except lawyers, or those who had themselves actually been in prison on a criminal charge—that, whether guilty or innocent, the prisoner was liable to pay a fee on his liberation."

121. *What, hast smutch'd thy nose?*—Upon this Clarke remarks: "It is reserved for such a poet as Shakespeare to fearlessly introduce such natural touches as a flying particle of smut resting upon

a child's nose, and to make it turn to wonderfully effective account in stirring a father's heart, agitating it with wild thoughts, and prompting fierce plays upon words and bitter puns. Every phase that passion takes—writhing silence, tortured utterance, tearful lamentations, muttered jests more heart-withering than cries or complaints—all are known to Shakespeare, and are found in his page as in nature's."

178. *We are yours,* etc.:—"Shakespeare," White tells us, "had the minute details of the old novel vividly in mind here: 'When Pandosto was busied with such urgent affaires that hee could not bee present with his friend Egistus, Bellaria would walke with him into the garden, where they two in privat and pleasant devises would passe away the time to both their contents.'"

217. *They're here with me already*:—They are already aware of my condition; *they* referring not to Polixenes and Hermione, but to people about the court.

221-227. That Leontes' fanatical passion should stuff him with the conceit of a finer nature, a sharper insight, and a higher virtue than others had, is shrewdly natural. Such conceit is among the commonest symptoms of fanaticism in all its forms.

345. *I am his cupbearer*:—In Greene's tale Pandosto contriving "how he might best put away Egistus without suspition of treacherous murder, hee concluded at last to poyson him; . . . and the better to bring the matter to passe he called unto him his [Egistus's] cupbearer." Franion, the cupbearer, endeavours to dissuade Pandosto from his purpose, but, finding it in vain, "consented as soon as opportunity would give him leave to dispatch Egistus."

372. *Wafting his eyes,* etc.:—This is a fine stroke of nature. Leontes had but a moment before assured Camillo that he would seem friendly to Polixenes, according to his advice; but on meeting him, his jealousy gets the better of his resolution, and he finds it impossible to restrain his hatred.

419. *Be yoked with his,* etc.:—A clause in the sentence of excommunicated persons was: "Let them have part with Judas that betrayed Christ."

458-460. *Good expedition,* etc.:—An obscure and difficult passage, whereof various conjectural emendations have been proposed. Malone's suggestion is: "Good expedition befriend me by removing me from a place of danger, and comfort the innocent queen by removing the object of her husband's jealousy; the queen, who is the subject of his conversation, but without reason

the object of his suspicion!" Halliwell understands it thus: "May expedition be my friend by removing me from this scene of danger, and at the same time may my absence, the object thus accomplished, comfort the beautiful queen, who is, indeed, partly the subject of, but in no degree the reasonable object of, his suspicion."

465. *Come, sir away*:—Coleridge has this note on the first Act: "Observe the easy style of chit-chat between Camillo and Archidamus as contrasted with the elevated diction on the introduction of the kings and Hermione in the second Scene, and how admirably Polixenes' obstinate refusal to Leontes to stay—

> 'There is no tongue that moves; none, none i' the world
> So soon as yours, could win me'—

prepares for the effect produced by his afterwards yielding to Hermione; which is, nevertheless, perfectly natural from mere courtesy of sex, and the exhaustion of the will by former efforts of denial, and well calculated to set in nascent action the jealousy of Leontes. This, when once excited, is unconsciously increased by Hermione:—

> 'Yet, good deed, Leontes,
> I love thee not a jar o' the clock behind
> What lady she her lord';

accompanied, as a good actress ought to represent it, by an expression and recoil of apprehension that she had gone too far."

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

90-92. *one that knows,* etc.:—One that knows what she should be ashamed to know herself, even if the knowledge of it were shared *but with* her paramour.

104, 105. *He who . . . speaks*:—He who shall speak for her is remotely guilty in merely speaking.

119-124. *when you shall know,* etc.:—"If it be desired to know the full difference between noble pride and false pride, here is shown the former in perfection," says Clarke. "No one better than Shakespeare knew the true distinction between them; the right time for and due amount of self-assertion, the simplicity and

severity of moral dignity: and in none of his characters are these points more notably developed than in Hermione. Her few farewell words to her mistaken husband in this speech combine in a wonderful way the essence of wifely tenderness with the utmost wifely self-respect."

191. *Give rest,* etc.:—This is in admirable keeping with the passion that engrosses Leontes: he will not suffer the truth of the charge to stand in issue. Accordingly he rejects the answer as soon as he finds it clashing with his opinion; if the god confirm what he already thinks, then his authority is unquestionable; if not, then he is no god.

Scene III.

20. *in himself too mighty,* etc.:—Greene's novel has: "Pandosto, although he felt that revenge was a spur to warre, and that envy always proffereth steele, yet he saw Egisthus was not only of great puissance and prowesse to withstand him, but also had many kings of his alliance to ayd him, if need should serve; for he married the Emperor of Russia's daughter."

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

14. *The time is worth the use on't*:—That is, the event of our journey will recompense us for the time we spent in it. Thus in Florio's Montaigne, 1603: "The common saying is, the *time* we live is worth the *money* we pay for it."

Scene II.

29-33. *if powers divine,* etc.:—Thus Greene's novel: "If the *divine powers* be privie *to human actions* (*as no doubt they are*) I hope my *patience* shall make fortune *blush,* and my unspotted life shall stayne spiteful discredit."

86. *Those of your fact are so*:—That is, those who have done as you have done. Shakespeare had this from Greene: "It was her part to *deny* such a monstrous crime, and to be impudent in

forswearing the *fact,* since she had *passed all shame* in committing the fault."

107. *strength of limit*:—That is, according to Mason, "the limited degree of strength which it is customary for women to acquire before they are suffered to go abroad after child-bearing." Hudson (Harvard ed.) suggests that the meaning may be, "before I have got strength by seclusion," regarding *of* as merely equivalent to *by.*

133-137. *Hermione is chaste*:—In Greene's novel the response of the Oracle runs thus: "Suspition is no proofe; jealousie is an unequall judge; Bellaria is chast; Egistus blamelesse; Franion a true subject; Pandosto treacherous; his babe an innocent; the king shall die without an heire, if that which is lost be not founde." Coleridge remarks: "Although, on the whole, this play is exquisitely respondent to its title, and even in the fault I am about to mention still a winter's tale; yet it seems a mere indolence of the great bard not to have provided in the oracular response some ground for Hermione's seeming death and fifteen years' voluntary concealment. This might have been easily effected by some obscure sentence of the oracle; as, for example: 'Nor shall he ever recover an heir, if he have a wife before that recovery.'"

148. [*Hermione faints.*] "This mute succumbence to the blow dealt her in the sudden death of her little son is," says Clarke, "not only finely tragic, but profoundly true to the character of Hermione. She is not a woman 'prone to weeping,' not one who can so ease her heart of that which 'burns worse than tears drown'; she can command her voice to utter that dignified defence of her honour, and bear the revulsion of thanksgiving at the divine intervention in her behalf with the single ejaculation of 'Praised!' but at the abrupt announcement of her boy's death she drops, without a word, stricken to the earth by the weight of her tearless woe."

173. *Does my deeds,* etc.:—"This vehement retraction of Leontes, accompanied with the confession of more crimes than he was suspected of, is," in Johnson's opinion, "agreeable to our daily experience of the vicissitudes of violent tempers, and the eruptions of minds oppressed with guilt."

193, 194. *though a devil,* etc.:—Though a devil would have shed tears of pity from out the flames, ere he would have perpetrated such an action.

Scene III.

1. *perfect*:—In the sense of *sure* or *certain,* Shakespeare often has *perfect.* So in *Cymbeline,* III. i. 73-75:—

> "I am *perfect*
> That the Pannonians and Dalmatians for
> Their liberties are now in arms."

55. *lullaby*:—This occurs in Greene's novel: "Shalt thou have the whistling windes for thy *lullabie,* and the salt sea fome instede of sweete milke?"

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

[*Time.*] "There could hardly be greater difference in style than that between Time's speech as Chorus and the rest of the verse in this play," says White. "The former is direct, simple, composed of the commonest words used in their commonest signification, but bald and tame, and in its versification very constrained and ungraceful: the latter is involved, parenthetical, having a vocabulary of its own, but rich in beauties of thought and expression, and entirely untrammelled by the form in which it is written. The Chorus I believe not to have been written by Shakespare. It bears no resemblance to his work at any period of his life. A comparison of this Chorus with the Epilogue to *The Tempest,* and the Prologue to *Henry VIII.,* will, I think, convince any one with an ear that they are from the same pen, and that not Shakespeare's. He probably saw, after putting the story into dramatic form, that for an audience an explanation was needed to bridge over the space between the two acts, and committed the ungrateful task to willing hands. It has been supposed by previous editors, and not without reason, that the Prologue to *Henry VIII.* was written by Ben Jonson. But from the remarkable use in that composition of the uncouth and disjointed rhythm produced by the continued *enjambement de vers,* which is noticeable also in the Epilogue to *The Tempest,* and in a still greater degree in this Chorus, I more than suspect that they were all written by Chapman. See Chapman's poetical address *To the Reader* which precedes his translation of Homer; and also that translation."

Scene III.

23-31. *My traffic,* etc.:—Upon this passage Coleridge remarks: "Fine as this is, and delicately characteristic of one who had lived and been reared in the best society, and had been precipitated from it by dice and drabbing; yet still it strikes against my feelings as a note out of tune, and as not coalescing with that pastoral tint which gives such a charm to this Act. It is too Macbeth-like in the 'snapper-up of unconsidered trifles.'"

33. *every 'leven wether tods*:—Every eleven sheep will produce a tod or twenty-eight pounds of wool. The price of a tod of wool was about 20*s.* or 22*s.* in 1581.

Scene IV.

6. *extremes*:—His extravagance in disguising himself in shepherd's clothes, while he pranked her up most goddess-like.

22. *Vilely bound up*:—Johnson thinks it "impossible for any man to rid his mind of his profession. The authorship of Shakespeare has supplied him with a metaphor, which, rather than he would lose it, he has put with no great propriety into the mouth of a country maid. Thinking of his own works, his mind passed naturally to the binder."

74-76. *rosemary and rue,* etc.:—See *Hamlet,* IV. v. 175 and 180-182, where Ophelia says, "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: . . . there's rue for you: . . . we may call it herb of grace." These plants were probably held as emblematic of grace and remembrance, because they keep their beauty and fragrance "all the winter long."

86-88. *I have heard it said,* etc.:—It would seem that variegated gillyflowers were produced by crossbreeding of two or more varieties; as variegated ears of corn often grow from several sorts of corn being planted together. The gardener's art whereby this was done might properly be said to share with creating nature. Douce says that such flowers being artificially produced, "Perdita considers them a proper emblem of a *painted* or immodest woman; and therefore declines to meddle with them. She connects the gardener's art of varying the colours of these flowers with the art of painting the face, a fashion very prevalent in Shakespeare's time."

97. *The art itself is nature*:—This identity of nature and art is thus affirmed by Bacon: "We are the rather induced to assign the

History of Arts as a branch of Natural History, because an opinion hath long time gone current, as if *art* were some different thing from *nature,* and *artificial* from *natural.*" Likewise Sir Thomas Browne: "Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they both being the servants of the Providence of God. Art is the perfection of nature: were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In brief, all things are artificial; for nature is the art of God."

99, 100. *I'll not put,* etc.:—Perdita is too guileless to understand fully the reasoning of Polixenes; she therefore assents to it, yet goes on to act as though there were nothing in it: her assent, indeed, is merely to get rid of the perplexity it causes her; for it clashes with and disturbs her moral feelings and associations. Mrs. Jameson says, "She gives up the argument, but, woman-like, retains her own opinion, or rather her sense of right."

105. *marigold*:—There is a difference of opinion among the commentators as to whether this means the sunflower or not. Some think the *garden marigold* is referred to, concerning which Ellacombe remarks that it "was always a great favourite in our forefathers' gardens, and it is hard to give any reason why it should not be so in ours. Yet it has been almost completely banished, but may often be found in the gardens of cottages and old farm-houses, where it is still prized for its bright and almost everlasting flowers (looking very like a *Gazania*) and evergreen tuft of leaves, while the careful housewife still picks and carefully stores the petals of the flowers, and uses them in broths and soups, believing them to be of great efficacy, as Gerarde said they were, 'to strengthen and comfort the heart.' The two properties of the marigold—that it was always in flower, and that it turned its flowers to the sun and followed his guidance in their opening and shutting—made it a very favourite flower with the poets and emblem writers." Contemporary allusions to the flower are frequent. Wither has the following:—

"When with a serious musing I behold
The grateful and obsequious Marigold,
How duly every morning she displays
Her open breast when Phœbus spreads his rays;
How she observes him in his daily walk,
Still bending towards him her small, slender stalk;
How when he down declines she droops and mourns,

Bedewed, as 't were, with tears till he returns;
And how she veils her flowers when he is gone:
When this I meditate, methinks the flowers
Have spirits far more generous than ours,
And give us fair examples to despise
The servile fawnings and idolatries
Wherewith we court these earthly things below,
Which merit not the service we bestow."

118. *Dis's waggon! daffodils*:—The story how, at the coming of Dis in his chariot, Proserpine, affrighted, let fall from her lap the flowers which she had gathered, is told in the fifth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Of course, *from* Dis's waggon means *at the approach* of Dis's waggon. Coleridge says, "An epithet is wanted here [before *daffodils*], not merely or chiefly for the metre, but for the balance, for the æsthetic logic. Perhaps *golden* was the word which would set off the *violets dim*."

121, 122. *lids of Juno's eyes or Cytherea's breath*:—The beauties of Greece and some Asiatic nations tinged their eyelids of an obscure violet colour by means of some unguent, which was doubtless perfumed like those for the hair, etc., mentioned by Athenæus. Hence Hesiod, in a passage which has been rendered

"Her flowing hair and *sable eyelids*
Breathed enamouring odour, like the breath
Of balmy Venus."

Shakespeare may not have known this, yet of the beauty and propriety of the epithet violets dim, and the transition at once to the lids of Juno's eyes and Cytherea's breath, no reader of taste and feeling need be reminded.

160. *makes her blood look out*:—This recalls beautiful lines in Donne's *Elegy on Mrs. Elizabeth Drury*:—

"We understood
Her by her sight; her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say, her body thought."

227. *poking-sticks*:—These *poking-sticks* are described by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses*, Part ii.: "They be made of yron and steele, and some of brasse, kept as bright as silver, yea, some of silver itselfe; and it is well if in processe of time, they grow not to be of gold. The fashion whereafter they be made, I cannot resemble to anything so well as to a squirt or a little

squibbe, which little children used to squirt water out withal; and when they come to starching or setting of their ruffes, then must this instrument be heated in the fire, the better to stiffen the ruff." Stowe informs us that "about the sixteenth yeare of the queene began the making of *steele poking-sticks,* and until that time all lawndresses used setting stickes made of wood or bone." They were heated and used for setting the plaits of ruffs.

281. *ballad*:—All extraordinary events were then turned into ballads. In 1604 was entered on the Stationers' books, "A strange report of a monstrous *fish* that appeared in the form of a woman from her waist upward."

328. *men of hair*:—It is most probable that they were dressed in goatskins. A dance of satyrs was no unusual entertainment in Shakespeare's time, or even at an earlier period. A disguising or mummery of this kind, which had like to have proved fatal to some of the actors in it, whose hairy dresses took fire, is related by Froissart as occurring at the court of France in 1392. Bacon, Essay 37, says of antimasques, "They have been commonly of fools, *satyrs,* baboons, wild men, antics, beasts, sprites, witches, Ethiopes, pigmies, turquets, nymphs, rustics, Cupids, statues moving, and the like."

348. *you'll know more,* etc.:—This is in answer to something which the Shepherd is supposed to have said to Polixenes during the dance.

446-455. *Even here . . . weep*:—Coleridge says, "O, how more than exquisite is this whole speech! And that profound nature of noble pride and grief venting themselves in a momentary peevishness of resentment towards Florizel: 'Wilt please you, sir, be gone?'" "For my part," adds Hudson, "I should say, how more than exquisite is everything about this unfledged angel!"

449-451. *The selfsame sun . . . alike*:—Sir John Davies in his *Nosce Teipsum,* 1599, has a similar thought:—

> "Thou like the sunne dost with indifferent ray
> Into the *palace* and the *cottage* shine."

And Habington in his *Queen of Arragon* has imitated it thus:—

> "The stars shoot
> An equal influence on the open cottage,
> Where the poor shepherd's child is rudely nursed,
> And on the cradle where the prince is rock'd
> With care and whisper."

463. *no priest shovels in dust*:—Before the change in the old burial service, it was the custom for *the priest* to throw earth on the body in the form of a cross, and then sprinkle it with holy water.

466, 467. *If I might die,* etc.:—Some of the critics have been rather hard on the old Shepherd, for what they call his characteristic selfishness in thinking so much of his own life, though he be fourscore and three, and showing so little concern for Perdita and Florizel. But it is the thought, not so much of dying, as of dying like a felon, that troubles and engrosses his mind. His unselfish honesty in the treatment of his precious foundling is quite apparent throughout. The Poet was wiser than to tempt nature overmuch by making the innate qualities of his heroine triumphant over the influences of a selfish father.

589. *My prettiest Perdita!*—"The delineation of the love between Florizel and Perdita," says Brandes, "is marked by certain features not to be found in Shakespeare's youthful works, but which reappear with Ferdinand and Miranda in *The Tempest.* There is a certain remoteness from the world about it, a tenderness for those who are still yearning and hoping for happiness and a renunciation of any expectation as far as himself is concerned. He stands outside and beyond it all now. In the old days the Poet stood on a level, as it were, with the love he was portraying; now he looks upon it from above with a fatherly eye."

835, 836. *'tis none of your daughter nor my sister:*—The unhesitating selfishness of the old man and his son at the approach of danger, though otherwise they are creditable rustics enough, the singleness of their anxiety to save their own skins from royal vengeance, by proving the foundling none of their blood, without any thought of her fate and fortune, belongs to the revulsions that characterize the play; it also finally detaches her, in our associations, from the class she has been reared amongst, and thus she is acquitted of ingratitude as well as presumption in moving easily towards the superior rank due to her nature as to her descent. Her own courage and collectedness at once place her in contrast to the bewildered and frightened hinds, and bring her worthily into sympathy with the patience and self-support of her brave mother Hermione.

ACT FIFTH.

Scene II.

1. *et seq.* "The finely written prose scene of the conversing gentlemen," says Lloyd, "smooths the transition to the concluding scene by presenting the agitating incidents of the recognition of Perdita in narrative form, and this is also a concession to the superior dignity and interest of the revelation of Hermione. Here all spirits are attempered to modesty and reconciliation; the weak are strengthened, the vehement subdued, the wise contented; and although a change more startling than any in the play is to take place—the revival of the very dead—the moving and speaking of a statue, yet so easily is all conducted, with such orderly and tender sequence does the discovery take place, in such tranquillized purity of mind is all set forth and received, that the full discovery takes place at last rather with motion than speech, is acknowledged with embraces rather than words, is for contemplation rather than discourse."

106. *eternity:*—It would appear that a painted statue was no singularity in that age; Ben Jonson, in his *Magnetic Lady,* makes it a reflection on the bad taste of the city.

Rut. I'd have her statue cut now in white marble.
Sir Moth. And have it *painted in most orient colours.*
Rut. That's right! *all city statues must be painted,*
Else they be worth nought in their subtle judgements.

Sir Henry Wotton, who had travelled much, calls it an *English barbarism.* The arts of sculpture and painting were certainly with us in a barbarous state compared with the progress which they had made elsewhere. But painted statues were known to the Greeks, as appears from the accounts of Pausanias and Herodotus.

Scene III.

62. *already*——:—The passion of Leontes causes him to break off in the midst of his sentence; or rather, from his very intentness of thought, to leave it unspoken. Perhaps it was in his mind to say, "Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already I am with my queen, and need not pass through death to have her society."

68. *mock'd with art*:—Here we have indeed a wonder of dramatic or representative skill. The illusion is all on the understand-

ings, not on the feelings of the spectators: they *think* it to be a statue, yet *feel* as if it were the living original; seem to discern the *power* without the *fact* of motion; have a *sense* of mobility in a *vision* of fixedness. And the effect spreads through them into us; insomuch that we almost fancy them turning into marble, as they fancy the marble turning into flesh.

Questions on

The Winter's Tale.

1. Where in the order of the Poet's works does this play belong?

2. What textual and constructive characteristics help to determine the date?

3. State some differences between the play and Greene's novel upon which the play is based. What characters are invented by Shakespeare?

4. From what Greek play is the recognition scene in the last Act probably taken?

5. Show how this play is extreme in its defiance of the dramatic unities.

ACT FIRST.

6. In what sense is Sc. i. of the character of prologue? Indicate the ironic qualities of the Scene.

7. Contrast the tempers of the two kings at the parting interview (Sc. ii.). Of what does Hermione accuse Leontes?

8. Where and how is Florizel first mentioned?

9. What first indication do you see of the jealousy of Leontes?

10. Characterize the manner of Hermione as gathered from her words. How does Leontes describe her in line 108 *et seq.*? How much is exaggeration due to his distemper?

11. What effect is produced by Leontes's bantering words with Mamillius?

12. Is it likely that Leontes's jealousy has been long maturing? Can you derive any evidence from the play in proof of the view?

13. What is foreshadowed concerning Camillo in the words (ii. 235-241) which Leontes addresses to him?

14. Explain the reactionary effect in the mind of the spectator that proves the innocence of Hermione.

15. What state of morality of courts is indicated by the discus-

sion of Leontes and Camillo on poisoning? What compact is made between them?

16. Why does Camillo break faith with the king and disclose his purposes to Polixenes?

17. Indicate the causes of the subsequent action not laid down in the first Act.

ACT SECOND.

18. Describe the domestic scene at the opening of the Act. What is the dramatic effect of the irruption of Leontes and his train?

19. Does the flight of Camillo furnish dramatic probability to the position of Leontes?

20. Describe the bearing of Hermione under the charges of Leontes. How does she foreshadow the reconciliation?

21. How is the queen's justification, from the point of view of the spectator, made to follow immediately upon the accusation? How is humour added by Antigonus as a mitigation of the impression caused by the king's harshness?

22. As an episode, what is the nature of Sc. ii.? Of what temper does Paulina show herself to be?

23. Comment on the inharmony of her purposes in that she plans to assault Leontes with her tongue, and at the same time meditates upon the softening effect wrought by the sight of his new-born child.

24. Had Hermione meditated any further means of justifying herself?

25. Show how differently Othello and Leontes are affected by the supposed fact of unfaithfulness in their wives.

26. What picture is given of the effect of Leontes's act on Mamillius?

27. Why was the moment chosen by Paulina to show the child and plead Hermione's case particularly unfortunate?

28. Does one feel that the opportunity for reconciliation was spoiled by human bungling or by will of the gods?

29. What are some of the arguments employed by Paulina?

30. What disposition is made of the child? Upon whom is laid the task of carrying out the king's command?

31. Can you discover any thing in Antigonus upon which poetic justice may base her claim to the fate reserved for him?

32. How is the transition from the second to the third Act effected?

ACT THIRD.

33. Does Sc. i. contribute to the action? What is its purpose? Would the play suffer without it?

34. In the scene of the trial, what does Hermione say in her own defence? What traits of her nature does she exhibit?

35. What effect is produced by Hermione's cry for human sympathy in line 120 of Sc. ii.? Considering that she had the sympathy of all save the king, how is her spiritual solitariness here indicated? Does this speech contradict Mrs. Jameson's assertion that Hermione displays "dignity without pride"?

36. What dramatic necessity is there that the entrance of Cleomenes and Dion be previously prepared? Is there in this felt a justification of Sc. i.?

37. Does not the use of the oracle as the most dramatic symbol of retributive justice that the religious consciousness of man has furnished in history outweigh the consideration of its anachronism and hence justify itself?

38. How is the impiety of Leontes immediately punished?

39. Is the sudden and wholesale penitence of Leontes psychologically possible?

40. What is the purpose of Paulina's arraignment of the king at the time that she reports the death of the queen? Is there a feeling that the ends of justice are served, although the effect of her scolding tongue is unpleasant?

41. What was the cause of the death of Mamillius? Compare the art of Shakespeare in thus securing an effect of pathos with that of Dickens, let us say, in the death of such children as Little Nell or Paul Dombey.

42. Does the spectator think that Paulina believes Hermione to be dead?

43. What art is employed at the beginning of Sc. iii. to make up for the undramatic character of the casting away of the child?

44. How is Perdita named?

45. What effect through contrast is secured by the Shepherd's opening speech?

46. How does one hear of the fate of Antigonus and of the ship that brought Perdita to the island?

47. Why are these disasters not presented with an accompanying effect of pathos?

48. Show how this dramatic *motif* is made to serve also as a means of exhibiting the qualities at the base of rustic natures.

ACT FOURTH.

49. How does Time as Chorus speak of the constructive divergences of this play? How does he effect transition of attention to a different group of characters?

50. What is Camillo's desire as revealed at the opening of Sc. ii.? What is here revealed as the state of affairs at Sicilia?

51. How is Camillo's return postponed? How does Autolycus introduce himself?

52. What variant of a familiar Shakespearian situation do you see in the scene between Autolycus and the Clown?

53. Where is Polixenes's displeasure with Florizel foreshadowed? What is the dramatic effect of the apprehensiveness of Perdita?

54. How does Shakespeare show the innate superiority of Perdita to her surroundings? Is this superiority observed by any around her?

55. Indicate the literary quality of the discussion held by Polixenes with Perdita about gillyflowers.

56. Contrast the scenes of Perdita and of Ophelia distributing flowers. Note the emotional effects of each.

57. How is the singing of Autolycus described by the servant?

58. Characterize this scene of rustic life. Does it differ in any essential particulars from the rustic life glimpsed in *As You Like It*?

59. How is the plighting of Perdita and Florizel interrupted?

60. What does Perdita say after the discovery?

61. Does the Shepherd show any feeling for Perdita?

62. What strong expression does Florizel use to prove his faith? Is there sublimity and at the same time humour in the expression? Quote from Shakespeare, Addison, and Pope, expressions in differing ways analogous to this.

63. What is the principal ingredient of Florizel's love? How does he compare with the other ideal lovers of Shakespeare?

64. Shakespeare seems fond of exhibiting certain dominant traits of human nature in opposite sexes. Compare Florizel and Helena in this respect.

65. Do ethical considerations enter into the thoughts of Camillo, or is he to be regarded as the diplomatist *par excellence,* with whom successful accomplishment outweighs the means employed?

66. What course does Camillo map out for Florizel?

67. What is the dramatic effect of Autolycus's soliloquy beginning iv. 606?

68. How is Autolycus brought into the action as an integral part?

69. What treachery against Florizel and Perdita does Camillo plan?

ACT FIFTH.

70. What change do you note in the people of Leontes's court as a result of the lapse of fifteen years?

71. What promise does Paulina exact from Leontes?

72. Indicate the dramatic effect of the praises of Perdita uttered by the Gentleman in Sc. i.

73. How does Florizel report his marriage and account for his presence in Sicilia?

74. At so late a stage of the drama no new complication could be developed. Show how the one resulting from Florizel's false report of himself is quickly resolved. How is the question concerning the identity of Perdita prepared for solution?

75. Why is the scene of the recognition of Perdita by Leontes presented in narrative form? What is the cumulative effect of the method of presentation? How is the reconciliation of the kings described?

76. What traits of Paulina are emphasized by her manner of receiving the revelations? What foreshadows the vivification of the statue?

77. What touch of nature served the end of poetic justice in robbing Autolycus of the reward of the revelation and giving it to the Shepherd?

78. Does Autolycus repent with a wink?

79. What is said of the statue and its sculptor?

80. Show how Shakespeare manages a highly theatrical scene like the recognition of Hermione to give it dignity and impressiveness. Discuss the possibility of any but a professed actor managing such a scene and not overdoing it. From this point of view consider the theory of the Baconian authorship.

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81. Point out some of the structural peculiarities of the play; its false geography; its anachronisms.

82. Show in what ways interposition serves as a *motif* in this play.

83. Was Perdita created to fill the gap of years that the story demands for the working out of Leontes's repentance, or is the penitence-*motif* subordinate in importance to the Perdita-*motif* and does it only serve as a background to her?

84. Would the play be structurally improved if the story of Hermione's accusation were given in a prologue and the action began with the fourth Act?

85. Show in what ways the sentiment of childhood is used as a dramatic *motif*.

86. Is the roguishness of Autolycus paralleled in any other of Shakespeare's plays?

87. Is the character of Leontes essentially comic? Do the tragic elements of the play militate against the comic treatment, such as Molière has given to the character? Hence, is Shakespeare's course, by mediation, romantic?

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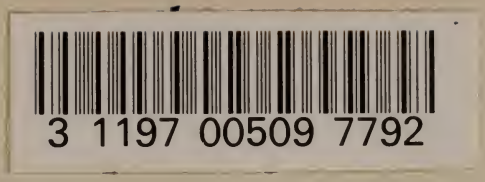
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